

FEB 24 1921

Thoreau as Artist

Yearly Subscription, \$2.50

Single Number, 75 cents

GENERAL
FEB 24 1921
**The
Sewanee Review**
Quarterly

EDITED BY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



January-March, 1921

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| I. <i>A Road Song</i> (a poem) | DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT |
| II. <i>Thoreau as Artist</i> | NORMAN FOERSTER |
| III. <i>The Women of Middleton and Webster</i> . | GAMALIEL BRADFORD |
| IV. <i>Reflections Upon Revolutions at L'Abbaye de Jumièges</i> | ROWLAND THIRLMERE |
| V. <i>The Ethics of the Wage</i> | GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER |
| VI. <i>Hands</i> (a poem) | WINIFRED M. LETIS |
| VII. <i>An Old Romantic Triangle</i> | JOHN CALVIN METCALF |
| VIII. <i>Friends in Fiction</i> (a poem) | THEODOSIA GARRISON |
| IX. <i>On Being Silent</i> | MAY HARRIS |
| X. <i>Indian Song</i> (a poem) | AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR |
| XI. <i>Three Poems</i> | PATRICK R. CHALMERS |
| XII. <i>Masterlinck and Mediaeval Gardens</i> . | ROBERT MAX GARRETT |
| XIII. <i>Finis</i> (a poem) | G. O. WARREN |
| XIV. <i>An Epic Genius: Paul Adam</i> | WILLIAM H. SCHEFFLEY |
| XV. <i>Where the Sires of Nature Hide</i> | LOUIS BLISS GILLET |
| XVI. <i>A Prototype of Tennyson's Arthur</i> | WILLIAM H. VANN |
| XVII. <i>Book Reviews</i> . | |

PUBLISHED BY

THE SEWANEE REVIEW, Inc.

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors to the January Review

Mr. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT is Deputy Superintendent General of the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, Canada.

Dr. NORMAN FOERSTER is Professor of English in the University of North Carolina, and is a close student of American Literature. He is at present in Oxford on leave of absence.

Mr. GAMALIEL BRADFORD, biographer, critic and poet, resides at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

"ROWLAND THIRLMERE" is the pen-name of Mr. JOHN WALKER, an English poet and essayist who has published several books of prose and verse. He lives near London.

The late Dr. GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER was Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the University of Chicago. His essay on *Nietzsche and the Great War* appeared in the REVIEW for April, 1920.

Miss WINIFRED M. LETTS, who resides at Blackrock, Dublin, Ireland, is the well-known author of several volumes of verse.

Dr. JOHN CALVIN METCALF is Linden Kent Memorial Professor of English in the University of Virginia.

Mrs. FREDERIC J. FAULKS, (THEODOSIA GARRISON), lives at Short Hills, New Jersey. She has published three books of verse.

Miss MAY HARRIS, writer of short stories, one-act plays, and essays, lives in Robinson Springs, Alabama.

Miss AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, the author of a number of books of verse, lives in New York.

Mr. PATRICK R. CHALMERS, a well-known poet, lives in London.

Dr. ROBERT MAX GARRETT is Assistant Professor of English in the University of Washington.

Mrs. G. O. WARREN is a writer living in Harvard, Massachusetts.

Dr. WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY, whose name is familiar to our readers, is Professor of Romance Languages in Indiana University.

Mr. LOUIS BLISS GILLET was formerly Associate Professor of English in Wesleyan University, Connecticut.

Mr. WILLIAM H. VANN is Professor of English at Baylor College, Belton, Texas.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

Vol. XXIX]

JANUARY, 1921

[No. 1

A ROAD SONG

Up heart, away heart,
Never heed the weather;
Leave the lowland reaches
Where the grain's in seed;
Take the powerful wind in face,
All in highest feather,
Lift your burden with a shout,
Fit for every need!
Front the mountains, cross the passes,
Pioneer the sheer crevasses,
Where the glaciers breed,
Where the imminent avalanches
Tremble with their air-held motions,
Where below the balsam branches
Start the rills in the erosions,
Follow where they lead;
Where the sunlight ebbs in oceans
Cast away your load!
Life is not the goal,
It is the road.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Ottawa, Canada.

THOREAU AS ARTIST

I.

Inveterate observer and recorder that he was, at heart Thoreau was assuredly not a naturalist, but rather—what? A literary artist? This answer, one of the commonest, has behind it not only the authority of his friend Channing, who said that Thoreau regarded literature as his profession, but also that of Thoreau himself, who declared, in unmistakable terms: "My work is writing". Yet it must be remembered that in his lifetime he published only two books, the *Week* and *Walden*; that the creative impulse in him was neither vehement nor persistent, most of his *Journal* being a bare record of facts; and that he wanted both the spur of fame and the desire to serve men, at least as these aims are usually conceived by writers. If writing was his work, it was his work in much the same sense in which surveying and pencil-making were his work: he was not a surveyor or manufacturer of pencils, nor was he a man of letters.

Poet, at all events, he was not, for a man can scarcely be a poet without achieving a certain bulk of successful verse, and the total bulk of Thoreau's verse, most of it unsuccessful, would fill less than an ordinary volume. That he wrote it at all is to be explained less in terms of his artistic powers, since he lived in a time of renaissance when the homespun of prose was disparaged in favor of purple singing-robcs, in a time when, it has been said, one could not throw a stone in the city of Boston without hitting a poet. So Thoreau versified; his prose works abound in interjected poems or poetic fragments, many of which have the odd effect of serving, not to lift the reader aloft on the wings of sudden inspiration, but to make him halt in consternation before a veritable New England glacial boulder, shapeless and inert. There is little in him of the lyrical poet's instinct to burst into song at every provocation of nature. Although he tells us repeatedly that he is inspired, he also tells us that the mood is gone before he can versify it; the best poetry, he says broadly, is never expressed—an assertion not without its measure of truth. Indeed, it was fatally true of his own

practice. Delicately perceptive of the concrete world, eagerly responsive to beauty, inwardly living the life of the poet, he was so intent on understanding and appropriating his visions that when the time came for singing them he was dumb.

THE POET'S DELAY

In vain I see the morning rise,
In vain observe the western blaze,
Who idly look to other skies,
Expecting life by other ways.

Shall I then wait the autumn wind,
Compelled to seek a milder day,
And leave no curious nest behind,
No woods still echoing to my lay?

In these lines is something of his Puritanical distrust of all art; "very dangerous", he says elsewhere, is the talent for composition, since "I feel as if my life had grown more outward when I can express it". With him it is always *my life*, never the glory of divine poetry:—

"My life hath been the poem I would have writ,
But I could not both live and live to utter it."

In natural metrical skill he was more deficient even than Emerson. Most of his verses are benumbed, and crawl along, with an occasional spurt, like a grasshopper in the autumn. For example:—

"Let such pure hate still underprop
Our love, that we may be
Each other's conscience,
And have our sympathy
Mainly from thence."

If Donne deserved hanging for not keeping of accent, what of Thoreau? The following is a more just specimen, typical in subject, form, and mood:—

TALL AMBROSIA

Among the signs of autumn I perceive
The Roman wormwood (called of learnèd men
Ambrosia elatior, food for gods,
For by impartial science the humblest weed
Is as well named as is the proudest flower)
Sprinkles its yellow dust over my shoes

As I brush through the now neglected garden.
 We trample under foot the food of gods
 And spill their nectar in each drop of dew.
 My honest shoes, fast friends that never stray
 Far from my couch, thus powdered, countrified,
 Bearing many a mile the marks of their adventure,
 At the post-house disgrace the Gallic gloss
 Of those well-dressed ones who no morning dew
 Nor Roman wormwood ever have done through,
 Who never walk, but are transported rather,
 For what old crime of theirs I do not gather.

In such lines he is a forerunner of Robert Frost; if Emerson's judgment is right, he could also be a successor and improver of Simonides, as in the best of all his poems, the *Walden* verses on "Smoke":—

"Light-winged Smoke, Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
 Or else, departing dream and shadowy form
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;—
 Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth,
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame."

Virtually blank verse, this delicate yet classically firm little poem suggests the possibilities of that form for lyrical use. Had Thoreau lived in the England of Elizabeth, he might well have been a builder of lofty rhyme; like Whitman, although for other reasons, he was a great poet *in posse*.

His poetic feeling, however, is worthily embalmed in his prose. Moments of inspiration, as he remarks, are not lost merely because they fail to leave a deposit in verse; the impression abides, and in due time is expressed in a form equally genuine if less ardent: when time has emphasized the essential truth in these ecstatic states,—

"in cooler moments we can use them as paint to gild and adorn our prose. . . They are like a pot of pure ether. They lend the writer when the moment comes a certain superfluity of wealth, making his expression to overrun and float itself."

Without this superfluity of wealth, Thoreau's prose would be shorn of most of its beauty and power. If not a great poet, Thoreau is a great prose writer.

II

The first and last impression produced by Thoreau's prose is its sincerity, its unflinching truth. It is faithfully idiosyncratic, the mirror of his sincerity of character. "I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion"—who but Thoreau could have written that? Speaking of the art of writing, Thoreau leans upon that universally applicable maxim of the transcendentalists: "Be faithful to your genius!" This is for him the central precept.

"The one great rule of composition—and if I were a professor of rhetoric I should insist on this—is, to *speake the truth*. This first, this second, this third: pebbles in your mouth or not."

He was instinctively and somewhat bitterly suspicious of "the *belles-lettres* and the *beaux arts* and their *professors*, which we can do without". He would simply say, with Buonaparte: "Speak plain; the rest will follow", with his eye on the truth and not on the ornaments. He would not seek expressions, but thoughts to be expressed—and even this did not satisfy him, for best of all, he says somewhere, is "the theme that seeks me, not I it". He is only to report, to obey, to serve as agent, to lend himself to an utterance "free and lawless as a lamb's bleat": an account true enough of his habit if one bears in mind that he was a somewhat wolfish lamb bred in a highly civilized tradition. His distinction in this matter, however, is not in his theory of style, which is the common property of the romantic school, but in his practice, which is all but unequalled in its resoluteness. Cardinal Newman, despite his admirable statement of the two-fold aspect of style, of the marriage of thought and word, and his assertion that his own aim was to express truth with no admixture of rhetoric, clearly enough was enamored of Roman eloquence. Similarly, to take an instance from Thoreau's Rome, the youthful Emerson, relishing resounding phrases and noble

periods, never, in later years, quite freed himself from the seductions of adventitious beauty. The ideal of Emerson's style, says Mr. Brownell, is eloquence; that of Thoreau's, we may add in contrast, is truth. So rigorously does Thoreau follow his ideal that he demands of every sentence that it be "the result of a long probation", expressing in words what had already been expressed in action. He applies this ideal, not only to writing, but quite as much to reading. "What I began by reading," he says, "I must finish by acting." In a good book he looked first of all, perhaps, for the gadfly in it, and rejoiced in its sting, not unlike the Puritans of the old Concord who magnified their sins and lashed them with a grim joy. It may well be that the idiosyncratic quality of Thoreau's prose style springs more from the Puritan in him than from the romanticist, more from the voice of conscience than from the "lamb's bleat".

The charm of Thoreau's prose rests, then, on its complete sincerity, and his prose is to be enjoyed to the full only by readers who find his personality attractive. Yet it has definite qualities that win the approval of any discriminating reader. His sentences, for one thing, are alive. Living in his way, an intense life constantly alert to what was going on in his inner being and in nature, he could not well write a page devoid of life, like the flaccid writing of the ordinary journalist. A writer without a full experience, as he says, used "torpid words, wooden or lifeless words, such words as 'humanitary', which have a paralysis in their tails". His own diction is fresh, dewy, an early morning diction. It has the enormous advantage of unusual concreteness—to be expected of a writer whose perceptions were so highly trained, and whose aversion was metaphysics. And his store of concrete words and images he used with gusto, if not abandon, responding to his theme, seeking to penetrate, by sympathy, to its heart or essence, as in this perfect account of the nighthawk's antic swoop and boom:—

"The night-hawk circled overhead in the sunny afternoons—for I sometimes made a day of it—like a mote in the eye, or in heaven's eye, falling from time to time with a swoop and a sound as if the heavens were rent, torn at last to very rags and tatters, and yet a seamless cope remained."

That slight turn, "or in heaven's eye", with its unexpected shifting of the image, is typical of his restrained animation. Or take the following instance of his expressiveness, with its "puff-ball" figure drawn straight from nature, its fit phrasing, and its satiric *aplomb*:—

"On gala days the town fired its great guns, which echo like pop-guns in these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst; and when there was a military turn-out of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon. . . ."

Figures of speech abound in such passages, as in all his writing—his concreteness is largely a figurativeness. His acquaintance with nature is, of course, reflected in his metaphors and similes, as in that perfect comparison of the big guns with a puff-ball; or in his comparison of the weeping of Ossian's heroes with the perspiration of stone in the heat of summer; or in his comparison of the man of intellect with a barren, staminiferous flower, and of the poet with a fertile and perfect flower; or in that graphic comparison, mentioned by Channing, of the branches of Darby's oak with gray lightning stereotyped on the sky.

His love of paradox, his fondness for puns (in which he rivals his favorite poets of the great period of English literature), and the ever-present element of surprise in his style, are additional manifestations of his desire fully to rouse himself and his reader to the inner nature of his theme, whether it be night-hawks, or celebrations by the rude bridge that spanned the river, or the sense of time and space. A penetrating impression must be made, at all costs. He is never, or almost never, languid, but holds his stilus firmly, as in this sentence, which illustrates its own meaning:—

"A sentence should read as if the author, had he held a plow instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end."

Here the emphasis falls distinctly and precisely where it should fall; so does it, to take another example, in this:—

“When the wind blows, the fine snow comes filtering down through all the aisles of the wood in a golden cloud.”

A penetrating effect, again, is achieved by his conciseness. Writing of De Quincey, Thoreau remarks that a good style must have a strength in reserve, must be “concentrated and nutty”. His own style, especially in the satiric and critical passages, is compact and germinal, acridly nutty, like an acorn:—

“Do not stay to be an overseer of the poor, but endeavor to become one of the worthies of the world.”

“Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in.”

“It takes a man to make a room silent.”

“One man may well feel chagrined when he finds he can do nearly all he can conceive.”

“How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?”

He would not spread himself thin, either in his life or in his writing. Everything must be deliberate and concentrated.

“The writer must direct his sentences as carefully and leisurely as the marksman his rifle, who shoots sitting and with a rest, with patent sights and conical balls beside.”

And indeed, as a stylist, Thoreau is something of a marksman; now his sentences crack close at hand, now they sound as from a remoter station, reverberating solemnly, as if nature had taken them unto herself and charged them with a meaning of her own.

Such command is invaluable in satire and wit. Humor, that “indispensable pledge of sanity”, he had, but a good-natured spontaneous wit, with a trace of sharpness, was more characteristic. Says Channing:—

“There was a lurking humor in almost all that he said,—a dry wit, often expressed. He used to laugh heartily and many times in all the intercourse I had, when anything in that direction was needed. . . . No one more quickly entertained the apprehension of a jest; and his replies often came with a startling promptness.”

Instances are everywhere, even in the sober *Journal*, as when he tells of a party, warm and noisy, where he suffered himself to be introduced to two young women, one of whom "was as lively and loquacious as a chickadee; had been accustomed to the society of watering-places, and therefore could get no refreshment out of such a dry fellow as I", while the other, said to be pretty, could not make herself heard, "there was such a clack-ing", and he sagely concludes that parties are social machinery designed for matrimonial connections, and prefers to eat crackers and cheese in the silent woods with old Joseph Hosmer. Or take the following reaction to the *ewig Weibliche*:—

"When you are once comfortably seated at a public meeting, there is something unmanly in the sitting on tiptoe and *qui vive* attitude,—the involuntary rising into your throat, as if gravity had ceased to operate,—when a lady approaches, with quite godlike presumption, to elicit the miracle of a seat where none is."

Or finally this, in a milder vein, on a Puritan method of paying the clergy:—

"In 1662, the town agreed that a part of every whale cast on shore be appropriated for the support of the ministry.' No doubt there seemed to be some propriety in thus leaving the support of the ministers to Providence, whose servants they are, and who alone rules the storms; for, when few whales were cast up, they might suspect that their worship was not acceptable. The ministers must have sat upon the cliffs in every storm, and watched the shore with anxiety."

Much of the charm of Thoreau's best pages resides in this lurking humor, this dry wit always ready to kindle. Without them, he might have been an intolerably disagreeable social critic, though he might still have written pleasantly of nature,—a possibility not so remote when we learn that in his last years he blotted the humorous parts of his essays, saying: "I cannot bear the levity I find". He spoke like Endicott at Merry Mount.

III

With Carlyle and Ruskin and other typical writers of his century, Thoreau obviously excelled in the expressive side of

art; but what of form? His sense of form has been placed with Emerson's (Emerson, to speak brusquely, having none). It is true that both Transcendentalists had the same weaknesses, even preparing their essays in the same manner by extorting them, so to say, out of their jewel-laden diaries. There is, however, a difference of degree. Thoreau's sentences and paragraphs cohere better than do Emerson's: he generally leaves the impression of continuity even when he lacks the reality, while Emerson often has the reality without leaving the impression. Thoreau, that is, writes from Parnassus, Emerson from Delphi. Thoreau, again, if less noble, is more luminous—not only because his subjects are different, but also because his mode of thinking is more concrete. Although wanting a true sense of the value of architectonics in literature, he loved shapeliness, fine carving, beauty of form, "elegance", as he termed it—the informing quality that is simply the flowering of a nature well-tempered and wisely civilized, a humane nature. Much of this love of beauty he must have derived from his intimate studies in Greek and Latin literatures. "I do not know," he remarks, "but the reason why I love some Latin verses more than whole English poems is simply in the elegant terseness and conciseness of the language." His feeling for beauty is thus not unlike that of the school of Pope and Dr. Johnson, although in saying this one should remember that he all but ignored the eighteenth century and differed far from Johnson in regarding *Lycidas* as perhaps the finest example of true elegance in English. In his own work he attained in large measure his ideal of elegance, partly through revision (a facile writer, he resorted constantly to the use of the file), and partly through his realizing in his character something of the classical decorum. He believed that beauty is the final excellence, that whereas a first inspection of good writing should reveal its common-sense, a second should reveal its severe truth, and a third beauty.

He was well fitted to see beauty in external nature. Coming back to nature from the ancient classics, he perceived with added force the meaning of the third of "those celestial thrins",—Truth, Goodness, Beauty,—in the loveliness of line, and light and shade, and color. Despite his provincial ignorance of the

plastic arts—an ignorance emulating Emerson's—he succeeded in some degree in acquiring the point of view of the plastic arts through training his eye for landscape. Again and again in his writings he dominates the natural scene, composing it with the craftsman's sense of design, displaying a feeling for balance, repetition, emphasis, harmony, quite apart from his feeling for spiritual significance lurking behind or expressed by outer beauty. He could enjoy beauty as such. His layman's interest in æsthetic principles is indicated by his careful reading of William Gilpin on landscape, and of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. When in the field he had a habit of now and then inclining his head to one side, or even stooping enough to reverse the picture completely, in order to refresh himself with the ideal beauty suggested by the scene when thus severed from its normal associations. It is noteworthy that when the woodsmen come to desecrate his Walden pine groves he does not tremble to the foundations, but calmly remarks: "It makes some new and unexpected prospects", and while these prospects are in the making quietly enjoys the picture before him: "A pretty forest scene, seeing oxen, so patient and stationary, good for pictures, standing on the ice,—a piece of still life." One of the woodchoppers "appeared to me apparently half a mile distant, as in a picture of which the two trees were the frame". After an extended description of this picture, he observes that some scenes have an obvious pictorial quality, needing no composition, no idealization, being already pictures, ready for the recording pencil.

Such pictures he was constantly watching for, training himself to recognize them when others would have passed them by. He would be an artist as well as a naturalist. Daily, while living in town, he took occasion to view the sunset, that ever-repeated yet never-repeated masterpiece of nature: "Every day a new picture is painted and framed, held up for half an hour, in such lights as the Great Artist chooses, and then withdrawn." Everywhere he looked for new 'effects' wrought by that Artist, the master *improvvisatore*, in the flowing world of nature. He never tired of seeing the familiar meadows, woods, ponds, and hills of Concord varied without repetition by his shifting points

of view and by the always unique caprices of the weather: he was as active in this æsthetic pursuit as in his scientific interest in names, dates, and temperatures. To-day he beholds *Walden* remote and eerie in the mist; to-morrow he shall thrill to the "clear, cold, Novemberish light" that glitters from downy twigs and lies vividly upon the "silver-plated river". He stands on Strawberry Hill late on a misty September afternoon: "Annursnack never looked so well as now seen from this hill. The ether gives a velvet softness to the whole landscape. The hills float in it. A blue veil is drawn over the earth." Thus day after day and year after year he studied the landscapes of Concord.

The result of all this study was the inimitable charm, the intimate mastery, of all of his descriptions of nature, whether an individual leaf or the whole of a vast prospect. That sensuous equipment that served him as an observer of natural fact, served him equally as an observer of natural beauty, giving him a high degree of truth in both spheres. What other writer of our time has perceived so subtly and expressed his vision with so delicate a truth? Ruskin, beside Thoreau, seems theatrical, melodramatic, entranced by his own powers, giving nature the stamp of his expansive personality: Thoreau's self-restraint steadies his insight, lets him penetrate closer to the heart of nature as to his own heart. His magical truth has won him many a devoted reader who finds himself indifferent to, or exasperated by, Thoreau's personal piquancy and his paradoxical satire of human society. Who that knows *Walden* can forget those glorious white pines of "Baker Farm"?—

"Sometimes I ramble to pine groves, standing like temples, or like fleets at sea, full-rigged, with wavy boughs, and rippling with light, so soft and green and shady that the Druids would have forsaken their oaks to worship in them."

One sentence could scarcely do more. Or take his reproduction of the song of the red-winged blackbird, whose liquid notes fill the meadows in early spring:—

"The strain of the red-wing on the willow spray over the water to-night is liquid, bubbling, watery, almost like a tinkling fountain, in perfect harmony with the meadow. It

oozes, trickles, tinkles, bubbles from its throat,—*bob-y-lee-e-e*, and then its shrill, fine whistle."

Or take his exquisite insight into the beauty of the leaves of the tree known as the scarlet oak:—

"Stand under this tree and see how finely its leaves are cut against the sky,—as it were, only a few sharp points extending from a midrib. They look like double, treble, or quadruple crosses. They are far more ethereal than the less deeply scalloped oak leaves. They have so little leafy *terra firma* that they appear melting away in the light, and scarcely obstruct our view. . . . Lifted higher and higher, and sublimated more and more, putting off some earthiness and cultivating more intimacy with the light each year, they have at length the least possible amount of earthy matter, and the greatest spread and grasp of skyey influences. There they dance, arm in arm with the light,—tripping it on fantastic points, fit partners in those aerial halls. So intimately mingled with it are they, that, what with their slenderness and their glossy surfaces, you can hardly tell at last what in the dance is leaf and what is light. And when no zephyr stirs, they are at most but a rich tracery to the forest windows."

Or, once more, the beauty of Concord apples:—

" . . . unspeakably fair,—apples not of Discord, but of Concord! . . . Painted by the frosts, some a uniform clear bright yellow, or red, or crimson, as if their spheres had regularly revolved, and enjoyed the influence of the sun on all sides alike,—some with the faintest pink blush imaginable,—some brindled with deep red streaks like a cow, or with hundreds of fine blood-red rays running regularly from the stem-dimple to the blossom end, like meridional lines, on a straw-colored ground,—some touched with a greenish rust, like a fine lichen, here and there, with crimson blotches or eyes more or less confluent and fiery when wet,—and others gnarly, and freckled or peppered all over on the stem side with fine crimson spots on a white ground, as if accidentally sprinkled from the brush of Him who paints the autumn leaves. Others, again, are sometimes red inside, perfused with a beautiful blush, fairy food, too beautiful to eat,—apple of the Hesperides, apple of the evening sky!"

NORMAN FOERSTER.

Oxford, England.

THE WOMEN OF MIDDLETON AND WEBSTER

Middleton is a dramatist about whom it is difficult to make up one's mind. He seems not to have had quite the gift of clear imaginative beauty that belongs to Dekker; yet his plays—even the weakest—glitter frequently with jewels of poetry like the following in *A Game at Chess*:—

“Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
The holy dew of prayer lies like pearl
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose.”¹

He has nowhere the tenderness and pathos of *The English Traveller* or *A Woman Killed with Kindness*; yet for pure tragic power *The Changeling* has certainly not been surpassed by many succeeding plays. At times he seems almost like a hack-writer, furnishing tragedy or comedy, melodrama or romance, at the manager's order; yet everything he does in any line has a freshness, an ease, a vivacity which the ordinary hack-writer may envy but cannot attain.

So with what concerns women. Middleton has hardly a heroine of importance who wins our affection or sympathy. We shall look in vain in his pages for a Mistress Frankford or even a Bellafront. Yet he is far from avoiding women or slighting them, as do Jonson and Chapman. His plays are full of them. They even creep into the very titles of three: *Women Beware Women*; *No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's*; *More Dissemblers Besides Women*. Middleton was a keen, occasionally a profound, observer, and his scenes are full of comments on feminine life which are highly illustrative of the manners of the age, such, for instance, as the wild overflow of Lazarillo's talk in the third act of that curious medley, *Blurt, Master Constable*; but, though less caustic and cynical than Marston, Middleton is almost always a satirist and has none of Heywood's sympathy.

The greater number of Middleton's plays are lively comedies of social life and manners. On the whole, one associates his

¹ *A Game at Chess*, I, 1.

name with that sort of work more than with anything else. His best plays in this kind are *A Trick to Catch the Old One*; *A Mad World, My Masters*; and *Michaelmas Term*; and very gay and laughter-breeding matters they are, free from the harsher and heavier satire of Jonson, but by no means very pure or very delicate. The rôle of women in them is sometimes considerable but not generally very attractive, although here and there we catch a glimpse of a sweet, graceful figure. Lady Cressingham in *Anything for a Quiet Life* is worthy of notice from her prominent position in the play. In *Blurt, Master Constable*, the study of the courtesan Imperia is admirable and well worth comparing with Dekker's *Bellafront*. Here is no repentance, no reformation, no possibility even of such a thing: Imperia is a mere wanton, idle featherpate, subject forever to flattery and vanity, incapable alike of evil and of good. From the first scene in which she is introduced in so masterly a fashion, to the very end of the play she is the same,—a stationary character.

In the romantic drama Middleton is somewhat less successful. Without going into the discussion as to how much *The Witch* owes to Shakespeare, it is enough to say that, in spite of splendid poetry, the play is not attractive, and that the women in it offer nothing to redeem the rest.

A Fair Quarrel contains some noble scenes, but is rather chaotic and extravagant in general treatment. In this play Middleton worked with Rowley, and it is difficult to decide how much of its merit or demerit is owing to our dramatist.

The same is true also of *The Spanish Gypsy*, in which again Rowley collaborated; but, whoever wrote it, the play is one of the sunniest and sweetest of romantic comedies. It contains a considerable number of plots, but they all work out to a pleasant ending. That which gives the title to the play is the story of Alvarez, a Spanish nobleman, who is banished from his country for killing an enemy, but who returns and wanders about with his family, disguised as a gypsy. All this has the same pleasant flavor of Bohemian and nomadic existence that gives charm to *The Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher and *The Jolly Beggars* of Brome. Of course, Alvarez has a pretty niece, Constanza, who, by the way, is one of the very

youngest of Elizabethan heroines (twelve years old).² Of course, she wins the affections of a young gallant who ought to have something better to do than run after pretty gypsies. Of course, Alvarez is recalled from banishment and reconciled to his enemy's son, and Constanza marries her noble lover. Because these things do not happen in real life, there is all the more reason that they should happen in the kingdom of fancy. What is real life, after all, but a poor dull parody on fancy's realm? This we say to ourselves when we see such plays as *The Spanish Gypsy*, and we go away content.

It would be unpardonable to write of Middleton without some reference to that nondescript and Aristophanic comedy, *A Game at Chess*, in which kings and queens and bishops and knights and pawns march about as bravely, and rave as foolishly, and play the fool as wisely, as the real flesh-and-blood men and women of this world. I am the more bound to mention it, as the figure of the White Queen's Pawn is one of the gentlest and sweetest of Middleton's feminine creations. Here is the lovely language in which she answers the Black Bishop's Pawn, who attempts to insinuate himself into her affections under the pretext of inviting her to confession. "Resolve you thus far," he says,—

"The privatest thought that runs to hide itself
In the most secret corner of your heart now
Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly,
Never she-friend of your night counsels nearer."

and she:—

"I stand not much in fear of any action
Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness.
I must confess, as in a sacred temple,
Thronged with an auditory, some come rather
To feed on human objects than to taste
Of angels' food;
So in the congregation of quick thoughts,
Which are more infinite than such assemblies,
I cannot with truth's safety speak for all:
Some have been wanderers, some fond, some sinful;
But those found ever but poor entertainment,
They had small encouragement to come again."³

² *The Spanish Gypsy*, II, 1.

³ *A Game at Chess*, I, 1.

The two plays of *Women Beware Women* and *The Changeling* are usually considered to be Middleton's masterpieces, at least in tragedy. Neither of them is agreeable, yet both are works of tremendous tragic power.

Bianca, the heroine of *Women Beware Women*, is a young, inexperienced girl who has made a runaway match with Leantio, a man much below her in fortune and position. We first find them in love's early days, billing and cooing in all the bliss of amorous content. But the sky soon clouds over. Leantio is called away from love by business and leaves his wife, as much for her good as for his own. She resents it: other young wives have done the same since her time. In her husband's absence, the Duke sees her, falls in love with her, and tempts her. She makes a feeble and quite vain resistance, and her happiness is gone from her. The further treatment of her character is powerful, but unattractive. She is a shallow, witless fool. No remorse stirs her, no pity, no tenderness for the husband whom she has wronged. When she dies, in the midst of the indiscriminate butchery which rather clumsily ends the play, her last words are only of passion for her ducal lover:—

"My soul stands ready at my lips,
Even vexed to stay one minute after thee."⁴

The figure of Leantio is far more touching and more truly tragic than that of his wife. All of his scenes with Bianca—their tender love at first, his return and reception with unexplained mockery and coldness, and, finally, his discovery of her guilt and his accusation of her—are magnificently dramatic. And how admirably Elizabethan is his cry when he discovers the true nature of his situation:—

"I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry and half mad."⁵

The Changeling,⁶ like *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, is marred by the introduction of a secondary plot (which, however,

⁴ *Women Beware Women*, V, 1.

⁵ *Ibid.*, III, 2.

⁶ In this play, as in several others of Middleton's best, Rowley collaborated. Rowley was often a collaborator, but his own unassisted work is hardly equal to what he did with others. His comedies are lively, but his tragedy *All's Lost by Lust* has certainly none of the merit of *The Changeling*.

gives the title to the play) of far inferior importance and interest; but the story of Beatrice and De Flores is one of the most simple and powerful pieces of tragedy in the Elizabethan drama. The heroine, like Bianca in *Women Beware Women*, is thoroughly hateful and continues so to the end; yet the skill, the fineness, the depth, shown in the drawing of her character seize and hold the reader from the outset with an irresistible fascination. Never was there a more compelling study of feminine wilfulness and giddy caprice, ungoverned and unsteadied by moral habit or profound affection.

Beatrice is first presented to us as betrothed to one Alonzo de Piracquo, to whom she is very shortly to be married. Unexpectedly there comes across her path a certain stranger, Alsemero, with whom she at once falls in love, in her own wayward fashion: love at first sight, but rather the careless caprice of a giddy schoolgirl than the mighty tide of passion that overwhelms a Juliet. To Beatrice, however, caprice is law. It would seem natural to go at once to her father, explain everything, and so endeavor to withdraw from a match now become distasteful and almost impossible. This, however, is not her way. She does not wish to encounter such an open shame. There is a fellow named De Flores, a rough, ugly, rascally fellow, yet with a touch of finer stuff about him, too, as he himself says:—

"Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into the world a gentleman."¹

This uncouth, beastly creature follows Beatrice, with a curious, dog-like worship for which he at first receives nothing but abuse and spurning. She loathes him with an intensity out of proportion even to his ugliness, yet he haunts her just the same. Then suddenly, when she has conceived her love for Alsemero, there comes an idea into her poor, flighty, unmoral brain. This hideous, fawning follower of hers, born to do ill deeds in dark corners—why not make use of him? Life or death is as nothing compared to her whims. Why not bid De Flores get rid of De Piracquo? That would take off De Flores too, which of itself

¹ *The Changeling*, II, 1.

would be worth while. She changes her manner to him till he cries out in ecstasy:—

"I am up to the chin in heaven."⁸

She tempts him, sweet, foolish devil that she is: but little need of tempting here. Even she is astonished at his readiness, never for a moment imagining his real motive, but thinking that gold is all that he wants.

De Piracquo is thus eliminated from a world which will not, perhaps, greatly feel the loss of him. His murderer comes to his murderess with the news, and she receives him with a bit of exquisite Shakespearean poetry which at first startles us in such a mouth, until we remember that the woman lacks neither imagination nor intellect, but only heart and conscience:—

"My joys start at mine eyes: our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping."⁹

De Flores produces as a proof of his deed one of De Piracquo's fingers, with a ring on it. Beatrice's nice senses are shocked at this:—

"Bless me, what hast thou done?"⁹

Observe the crushing force of his equally characteristic answer:—

"Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man?"⁹

She gets bravely over this. Still she does not like the fellow's looks. Pay him, and send him about his business! She has the money with her. No, he does not want it. Then what does he want? More? He shall have double. No, that would only double the insult. Heavens! this killing is costly business. But in any case he must fly at once. Let him write his demand and she will satisfy it. Only let him *fly*! To which De Flores, hoarsely and sullenly:—

"You must fly too then."⁹

And she in anguish, horror, and bewilderment:—

"I?"⁹

Thereupon the fierce and cold and hideous snake slowly gathers in his coils about her. She struggles, she writhes; her

⁸ *Ibid.*, II, 2.

⁹ *Ibid.*, III, 4.

monstrous pride, the only strong thing in her, which she mistakes for maiden modesty, recoils with all its might against the doom she has brought upon herself. She pleads with him passionately to take her wealth, her all, and let her "go poor unto her bed with honor". He neither hears nor heeds, but steadily urges his point and uses every advantage:—

"Nor is it fit we two, engaged so jointly,
Should part and live asunder."⁹

"Pish! you forget yourself;
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty!"⁹

Finally:—

"You are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turned you out,
And made you one with me."⁹

The deed's creature! Has it ever been expressed more succinctly, more tragically, more terribly? *The deed's creature!* No longer a free woman, love and happiness within her grasp, but forced to cringe and cower, to lurk in dark corners, to dread the gleam of the sun, the rustle of the breeze, and the smile of man. *The deed's creature!* She sees it now herself, it has penetrated even her poor, silly, idle brain. She turns faintly, shrinkingly, into the one path offered to her, with a scream of horror and despair:—

"Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is followed by more sins:
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first?"⁹

This is, indeed, a *scène à faire*; and Middleton has done it so that it stands not very far behind the second act of *Macbeth*.

Through the two remaining acts the play is powerfully carried on. Doubts have been expressed about the scene in which Beatrice examines the vials. It is certainly very disagreeable, not to say grotesque; but I feel that it is thoroughly in keeping with her character. There is, however, one more scene of superb tragic power. Beatrice has been driven to practise, by means of her maid Diaphanta, an infamous decep-

⁹ *Ibid.*, III, 4.

tion on Alsemero, to whom she is now married. At the dead hour of midnight she and De Flores are waiting together to hear of the girl's success. Minutes pass as slowly as hours and they fear treachery. De Flores blames her for trusting a waiting-woman, and she answers, her old-time petulance blending with her new despair:—

"I must trust somebody." ¹⁰

Still the minutes pass. They confer in anxious whispers. De Flores, in extremity, proposes to burn the house. The old, foolish Beatrice objects to the danger, and is silenced again by the sharp ruffian wit:—

"Yon talk of danger when your fame 's on fire." ¹⁰

He will set the fire and shoot Diaphanta in the confusion. She assents and he is about to leave her, when hush! even De Flores's nerve is shaken for a moment as something steals past him in the cold silence;—

"Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light
Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
'T was but a mist of conscience, all 's clear again." ¹⁰

And the same terror creeps over his partner in guilt, as she is left alone in the chilly night:—

"Who 's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides by!
Some ill thing haunts the house, 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me. I'm afraid now.
This night hath been so tedious!" ¹⁰

So Diaphanta goes the same way as De Piracquo, and all to no purpose. It is unnecessary to trace out in detail the exposure of the criminals. In the end they are both brought to confess their crime. Neither of them hints at anything like real penitence. Beatrice makes a sort of stage-show of it, but we know perfectly well that the mark of the beast is upon her and that she would be only too ready to begin again, if opportunity offered. As for De Flores, he dies exactly as he had lived. Indeed, he considers himself rather fortunate, for he got what he wanted, so far as this life was concerned, and he does not indicate the slightest fear of another.

¹⁰ *The Changeling*, V, 1.

Such is this remarkable play: not one of the most moving, certainly not one of the most beautiful, of its time, but one of the most intensely human, and full of both truth and power from beginning to end.

It sometimes seems as if that sum of supreme qualities which we find so splendidly coördinated in Shakespeare was distributed with a sparing hand among his great contemporaries, so that no one should be gifted with more than one particular excellence. Thus Heywood has the master's inimitable tenderness, Middleton his comic richness and sweetness, Massinger his weight and dignity, Beaumont his sense of refined and delicate beauty, and so on. Certainly, no one would hesitate in deciding which of Shakespeare's attributes is most prominent in the work of Webster: it is that fullness, that splendor of imagination, which is perhaps the greatest of all the great Shakespearean characteristics, which is to be found more or less in even the weakest Elizabethan, but which in none, not even in Chapman, is so pronounced as in the author of *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*. Webster was a keen observer of human life, he was no mean master of comedy, and as a creator of character he stands well up, if not among the highest; but we think of him first and chiefly as a great poet, who put into the mouths of ideal men and women that gorgeous and forgotten language whose beauty and power must echo forever in the ears of all lovers of imaginative song. The great plays of Webster are such as Donne might have written, if Donne had been a dramatist. Those who know the verse of the Dean of St. Paul's will feel that to say this is to say all.

The lesser plays of Webster call for comparatively little notice. *Appius and Virginia* is chiefly interesting for its difference from the two great tragedies, being much better constructed and having little or nothing of their poetical merits. *Sir Thomas Wyatt* is too ruinous to be considered critically. The comedies in which Webster worked with Dekker and with Rowley respectively have excellent qualities, but quite as much those of one author as of the other. *The Devil's Law-Case* has

touches of fine poetry and of profound feeling, like the following:—

"Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy."¹¹

These are hardly abundant enough, however, to redeem a chaotic construction.

In both of Webster's chief works the prominent part is played by women. *The White Devil* is a tumultuous sort of tragedy, difficult to follow clearly, not developing with any systematic or organic growth. Yet the heroine, Vittoria Corombona, is greatly conceived and presented. At first the wife of a man in comparatively humble station, she becomes the mistress of the Duke of Brachiano. Soon afterward, the Duke procures the death of his own wife and of Vittoria's husband. Vittoria is accused of these murders and defends herself with masterly effrontery, but is sentenced to be confined in a house of convertites. She escapes with the aid of the Duke and becomes his wife; but the guilty pair are pursued by the vengeance of the first wife's relatives, who do not sleep until they have obtained the Duke's death by poison and that of his paramour by direct violence. What is interesting in this tale of blood and horror is the vigor and energy of Vittoria's character. She is no such capricious and unreflecting chitterling as Beatrice in *The Changeling*. She realizes fully every step she takes and keeps collected and in readiness always the full strength of her splendid and masculine intellect. Even in the moment of death her courage does not leave her. "I'll tell thee what," she cries,—

"I'll tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear;
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear."¹²

If she has any fear at all, it is not of human justice, but of that vague and dark beyond the thought of which makes her scream with a momentary shudder:—

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither."¹²

¹¹ *The Devil's Law-Case*, III, 3.

¹² *The White Devil*, V, 6.

Not the least interesting feature of Vittoria's character is its mystery. She is not made plain and simple by external comment so that we can read her at once and pass on our way contented. Guilty she clearly is, but how guilty we cannot justly determine. We know not whether she is merely following the dictates of cold and deliberate ambition in her amour, or whether she is really the monster of evil which her enemies declare her to be. So also with her beauty: we picture her to ourselves as having a fatal and overwhelming loveliness, like Cleopatra's, but there is no hint of this given us, such as Enobarbus's description in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The charm of this element of mystery is well worth observing; and it is interesting to note also that a great deal of it attaches to Cleopatra's own conduct in Shakespeare's play, as is seen at once by comparing that masterpiece with Dryden's tragedy on the same subject, in which Cleopatra is merely a simple, sentimental, lovesick girl.

The Duchess of Malfi, like *The White Devil*, is one of those Italian stories, full of hatred, wrath and wickedness, of which the Elizabethans were so fond. The heroine, however, is a very different figure from Vittoria and far more winning. Vittoria, if I read her rightly, is impatient of the simple joys of humble life, is full of ambition, of restless desire for power, for glory, for adoration. The Duchess, on the other hand, has tasted all the sweet of earthly grandeur, is born to it and feels its emptiness, has lived with it and has known the sad satiety it brings. The truer, simpler life of woman: a husband to worship, children to love and rear—these are what she would wish for herself, if the choice were hers. And so, all through the play, we feel in her the tragedy of a life "out of suits with fortune", as truly as if she were poor and longed in vain for wealth and splendor that could never be hers. She is the victim of a cruel and hopeless fatality, which pursues her relentlessly to the very end.

A widow at the opening of the play, she is the object of the jealous hatred of her brothers, Duke Ferdinand and the Cardinal. They harshly threaten her with the severest penalties, if she should forget herself and marry beneath her. Too late; for already her heart is given to her steward Antonio, and with

true woman's scorn she resents their interference,—after they are out of hearing:—

“Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I 'd make them my low footsteps.”¹³

Immediately she proceeds to declare her love to Antonio, he having been hitherto ignorant of it. The scene is a charming one. With bewitching cajolery, with gentle, dainty hints of dim, sweet meaning, she leads him on whither she would have him go, and then, as he gradually grows bolder and anticipates her confession, she bursts out impatiently:—

“The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not.”¹³

Antonio accepts the privilege accorded him with perfect dignity and propriety; for we know from the first that he is an honorable man and well worthy of her choice.

The action of the play is somewhat straggling and makes nothing of months and years; but the lady must have had some quiet hours of happiness, even though stolen and secret, for a long time passes before we hear of her again. Meantime her brothers have not been idle; they have established in her household the spy and traitor Bosola, to keep a watch upon her actions. This Bosola is the most elaborately studied character in the play, and a profoundly interesting one. We cannot stop to dwell upon him, however, except as he affects the fortunes of his mistress. Finally he discovers that she has a lover, though he cannot as yet tell whom. He at once imparts the news to Duke Ferdinand, who comes galloping post-haste upon the very hint of it. He sees his sister. He rails at her. He charges her at first with lawless love; but she stops his mouth with the

¹³ *The Duchess of Malfi*, I, 1.

revelation of her marriage, although she will not say to whom. Still he rails; and she quietly and simply pleads with him:—

"Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom."¹⁴

"Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cased up like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty."¹⁴

Vain to argue with this turbulent imbecile! He rages till he foams at the mouth; then leaves her with the vow never to see her more.

Quick! she decides, Antonio must be got out of his reach, Antonio and the children,—for there are children, the darlings of her heart. Poor foolish woman! Whom does she take as confidant in this emergency? Whom but Bosola, the wolf in sheep's clothing, the fiend in man's clothing, her greatest enemy of all? With his apparent connivance they fly to Ancona; but the Cardinal's power is sufficient to banish them thence. At Bosola's suggestion the Duchess then consents to part from her husband and throw herself on her brother's mercy, while Antonio flies with his son to Milan. There are extraordinary pathos and beauty in their parting:—

"*Antonio*: Best of my life, farewell, since we must part:
Heaven hath a hand in 't; but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring 't in better order.

"*Duchess*: I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you. . . .
O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in 't.
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compared myself to 't: naught made me e'er
Go right but Heaven's scourge-stick.

"*Antonio*: Do not weep:
Heaven fashioned us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing."¹⁵

The whole fourth act is sustained on a very high level of dramatic and tragic intensity. As Lamb says, there is an ele-

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, III, 2.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, III, 5.

ment of the supernatural about it; yet in spite of the devilish ingenuity of Ferdinand's inventions, of the dumb show in wax of Antonio's death, of the strange torment of the madmen introduced to heap horror upon the Duchess's head, the tragic never degenerates into the grotesque, but is saved from it by the richness and splendor of Webster's imaginative touch.

The Duchess is first falsely persuaded of the death of her husband and child. That is enough for her. She has no wish for longer life for herself:—

"Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will."¹⁶

When the tormentor Bosola gives way to some vague motions of compassion she cries to him:—

"Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me."¹⁷

The insatiable hatred of Ferdinand, however, is not content with having reduced her to despair. He would, if possible, drive her tortured reason beyond the limits assigned to common human agony. He lets loose a crew of madmen, whose ravings within her hearing and sight are enough to overturn a brain less shaken than hers has been by torments of its own. Yet she endures with that numbed fortitude which comes when the heart has suffered beyond even the violent reaction of grief. Then at last comes Bosola with the dread and final mandate, to her rather a blessed release, only in its execution terrible. He parleys with her in that language which we should say that Shakespeare alone knew, if the other Elizabethans did not sometimes catch such splendid echoes of it. This portion of the scene is in prose, like the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*:—

"Duchess: Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

"Bosola: Yes.

"Duchess: Who am I?

"Bosola: Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastical

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, IV, 1.

puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the Heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

"*Duchess*: Am not I thy duchess?

"*Bosola*: Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

"*Duchess*: I am Duchess of Malfi still.

"*Bosola*: That makes thy sleeps so broken:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light."¹⁷

The more he seeks to frighten her, the calmer she becomes. When the thought of death is clearly brought home to her, she gives her last injunctions, those nearest to the mother's heart:—

"I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.
..... Now what you please;
What death?"¹⁷

And she meets the cruel rope with a heart as high as a princess's, yet humble as a saint's:—

"Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down Heaven upon me:—
Yet stay; Heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces: they that enter there
Must go upon their knees."¹⁷

So we take leave of her. What matters the rest? Her brothers meet their due. The remorse of Fedinand begins when he sees the dead body and cries out in the unforgettable words:—

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young."¹⁷

It begins thus, and ends in a madhouse, as it should. Antonio meets his death, as did his wife, at Bosola's hands. The same terrible instrument of fate destroys the licentious Cardinal.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, IV, 2.

Finally Bosola himself, whose part in the whole tragedy is so central, and whose motives are so mysterious, even to himself, perishes by a blow from the mad Ferdinand. In his last words he sums up magnificently the sort of unmeaning and horrible fatality which seems to run riot through the whole play, and to make it less a complete artistic tragedy than a ghostly and fearful transcript of human sin and suffering illuminated and interpreted by poetry and thought. When asked how Antonio came to his death, Bosola replies:—

“ In a mist ; I know not how :
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. O, I am gone !
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruined, yield no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world !
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live !”¹⁸

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, V, 5.

REFLECTIONS UPON REVOLUTIONS AT L'ABBAYE DE JUMIÈGES *

We took one of the public *char-a-bancs* at Rouen and passed smoothly and pleasantly through cool forests and yellow harvest-fields to Jumièges. The great gates were thrown open and a little band of appreciative French and English tourists entered the grounds of the abbatial mansion. It is inhabited by Madame Eric-Lepel-Cointet, the proprietress, and is now classed among the historic monuments of France. We experienced a transition from the twentieth to the eighteenth century, immediate and infinitely refreshing.

In the green seclusion of the park the ruins of the famous Abbey reveal themselves with proper solemnity, stamping themselves on the mind as a noble possession, of which their owner may well be proud.

The Abbey of Jumièges,—once one of the most powerful religious establishments in Normandy,—was founded by Saint Philibert in the seventh century. The original edifice was probably built on the site of a great temple,—it may be with its very stones,—for the Romans were not expelled from Northern Gaul until the reign of Clovis I, at the end of the fifth century.

There are many evidences of pagan builders in archways and foundations; indeed, our intelligent *conciierge* fully described to us those portions of the mouldering walls which French authorities call Gallo-Romain.

Saint Philibert's great work was destroyed by the Normans in A.D. 840, while they were attacking the troops of Charles the Bald. When ravishing the countryside these Berserk iconoclasts burnt down the monastery. In A.D. 928, however, after the establishment of the Duchy of Normandy, William Longsword began rebuilding here, and soon erected another splen-

* Since this paper was written in September, 1920, a great change has become apparent in France. The extremist Socialist is being suppressed, and, despite adverse financial conditions, the country is beginning to recover its former prosperity.

did temple on the sacred site. This Abbey flourished gloriously under the rule of the Benedictines, being governed by a long succession of eighty-two abbots, the last of whom surrendered his charge to the revolutionaries in 1790. Before giving up his keys, this priest suffered terribly. During many miserable weeks he heard daily of the confiscation and wanton destruction of ecclesiastical property, in the upheaval which began on that fatal second of November, 1789; and when the red tide of revolution at last reached him, he was already a broken-spirited man.

Two young sons of Clovis II are said to have been received at Jumièges by one of the earlier abbots. These princes revolted against their father, who captured them, applied red-hot irons to their shins, and caused the tendons of their legs to be cut. They were then placed in a boat and sent floating helplessly down the Seine. Evariste Luminais's picture in the Musée at Rouen—entitled *Les Énervés de Jumièges*—tells the story of this cruelty. Certain monks rescued the youths from the river and took them to the Abbey, where, it is said, they passed the rest of their lives as hopeless cripples.

Many kings and princes made Jumièges a halting-place, notably Charles VII, then in love with the celebrated Agnes Sorel, who possessed a manor at Mesnil, in the immediate neighborhood. The vault in which her loyal heart was buried now lies half-open to the sun and rain.

Madame Eric-Lepel-Cointet is the representative of a good Norman family, which has for some time owned the property on which these ruins are situated. The privacy ensured by their nearness to her house gives a delicate charm to their crumbling beauty.

The great church, built between 1040 and 1067, still shows two splendid towers, each fifty-two mètres high. These were formerly crowned by timbered spires, one of which disappeared in 1830 and the other in 1840. The nave of this grand building,—the lateral walls of which still exist,—is eighty-eight mètres long and twenty-one mètres wide. In the thirteenth century choir, at the end of the church, now only the wild birds sing. In the transept, a high row of arches—(*une arcade*)—once sustained the central tower which formed the lantern. Of

this nothing remains but an enormous section of wall, which stands almost isolated—suspended, as it were, in the air. In the vestibule a *débris* of sculptures and statues tells the story of the insensate folly of those barbarians who broke Beauty in pieces and immolated Faith, Hope and Charity, in the mad delusion of a sanguine dream.

At the southern side of the basilica two doors lead to the remains of the Carolingian Church of Saint Peter, which was accidentally burnt down long before Saint Philibert's great pile was destroyed by the Normans. Of this older building only a doorway with arcatures remains. There are also other notable features, such as the Chapel of Saint Martin; the *Salle des Gardes*; a crypt which was re-fashioned in the seventeenth century; cellars of the thirteenth; the circumvallation of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and last, but not least interesting, a *Musée Lapidaire*, which has been installed in the *rez-de-chaussée* of the porter's lodge of former days.

These melancholy memorials of old splendor, with their ruined statues, open stone coffins, broken carvings and roofless walls, silently reminded us of the evil days that are passed, and of the still more evil days that are to come. Alas! Jumièges is only one of thousands of beautiful groups of buildings which were thus devastated in France and in Great Britain.

When Normandy experienced the barbarous excesses of the great social upheaval of the eighteenth century, this lovely peninsula of the Seine became the centre of a great turmoil. Fiery and ignorant *citoyens* trooped hither from Paris to show the local peasants how to reach the ideal state of existence. Only by means of hammer, pickaxe, torch and guillotine did the crazy interpreters of Rousseau's ideas believe that they could break through to the light of the new day. To steal, and sell for firewood, the glorious and irreplaceable carved oak of the abbeys; to strip their roofs of lead and slate; to make lime of choice sculptures and dust of sacred images, seemed to them the easiest way to that affluence and contentment which was promised by their leaders. The human beast, that is never far to seek in any locality, emerged from shop and *chaumière*, its broken and poisonous fangs bared for mischief. While destroying certain

evils that merited destruction, it made away with many things that had helped and sustained the French nation aforetime. A Revolution was accomplished which did little for France but reduce the growth of her population and eventually, though indirectly,—through the abolition of the law of primogeniture,—rendered her too weak successfully to oppose, unaided, a more fecund people. And sad it is to remember that unemployment, caused by the opening of the French markets to England by the Eden treaty of November 7, 1787,—with no reciprocity,—led an immense number of starving workmen to crowd into Paris and thus created the fuel to which the Bolsheviks of that period set their fatal flambeau.

To-day we perceive the symptoms of another social upheaval in the French and other nations. Twenty years ago all these appeared to be rapidly progressing towards that state of ordered content to which only labor, aided by education, can attain. But now, even as in the days of the Terror, neither rich nor poor seem to be really worthy of a state of society superior to that in which they move. Humanity transforms itself to nobler conditions only in proportion to its morality. The mouthings and scribblings of ambitious and pretentious men, who lack exact knowledge, and manifest no sort of prescience, can do nothing towards the advancement of their fellows. When a people is not adapted to the plans which are made for it by visionaries, such schemes are worthless. Impelled by the hope of spurious reforms advocated by charlatans, citizens may destroy citizens and despoil the homes of their benefactors; but if the souls of the rebels be void of rightful aspirations their energy is wasted, and their most triumphant effort must inevitably end in reaction.

Revolutions are more horrible than the most devastating wars: Russia makes this clear to us to-day. They invariably lead to international conflicts, once they have succeeded in some tremendous enterprise of destruction: the reign of Napoleon I is proof of this. Moreover, they are mostly foredoomed to create appalling misery. What, indeed, would be the condition of great industrial countries after six months of civil strife, and the destruction of their national credit? Russia, with a vast population, divided in the proportion of one town-dweller to nine

peasants, is in a sorry enough condition to serve as a warning to those who seek to disturb a country's progress; but imagine the state of Lancashire, or of Pennsylvania, after experiencing a year of such wretchedness as has been brought upon the late Czar's dominions!

The French say that, despite the most stringent passport regulations, their country is disturbed by thousands of active foreign agents, spreading revolutionary sentiments. The other day there was found written in German on one of the doors of a big Paris restaurant: "*Alsace and Lorraine will soon become ours again*", to which an Englishman had added laconically and ungrammatically: "*I don't think!*" This inscription serves to show how subtle influences of the national enemy are again beginning to work in France.

In every town there are hoardings covered with appeals to the workingman, adjuring him to bestir himself to overthrow that which is anything but a cruel government; and everywhere the *ouvrier* regards these appeals blankly and sullenly.

Unreasoning hatreds need very costly food to glut them. The syndicates which put their names to these posters are known to lack funds, and moderate Frenchmen question one another as to the source of the huge sums which are required for the printing and the distribution of the revolutionary *affiches*. There are those who say that Russia borrowed money from France, and with this capital created considerable fortunes, which are now being used to destroy the friendly nation that helped her. Throughout the Czar's Empire investments were made by the banks and the upper and middle classes, in foreign Bearer Bonds, which were stolen by the Revolutionaries and are now being secretly sold in France. The proceeds are distributed to the French syndicalists for the purposes of bribing the electorate, furnishing funds to the workmen's unions, and financing those labor newspapers which the working classes do not themselves sufficiently support. And France is not the only country in which this infamous traffic is carried on.

Others again allege that certain of their misguided compatriots are not above accepting monetary help from German agents, and that such assistance is always forthcoming, as it was in the past.

My own opinion is that the greater part of the subversive funds are Russian, and that—although some traitors may possibly accept German money—the hatred of the enemy is still as active in all classes of French society as it was in the mind of Emmanuel Denarié, President of the Académie de Savoie, when he wrote the following lines:—

"Où, notre terre, vous l'aurez :
Vous l'aurez, la terre française,
Et même, ne vous en déplaie,
Bien mieux que vous ne l'espérez.
Entrez donc : les vins sont tirés,
Les rôtis chantent sur la braise,
Vos lits même sont préparés,
Où tous vous dormirez à l'aise.

"Nos gentils soldats vous les font,
Et dans le trou noir et profond,
Où, l'un après l'autre, ils vous couchent
Pour mieux assouvir votre faim,
Vous aurez notre terre enfin . . .
Mais sur la tête et plein la bouche. . . ."

Nevertheless, the abasement of all morality, the hatred of all superiority and the desire to gain much by working little, have been considerably intensified since the war. The revolutionary placard, combined with the oratory of tub-thumpers, and the mischief wrought by a suborned and enemy press are chiefly to blame for this decadence. Servants will not work; porters and cabmen demand impossible remuneration; and the laundry-woman,—in collusion with the hotel servants,—insists upon receiving sixpence for starching a collar. In this way, so-called "Labor" imagines that, in thus despoiling its employers, it is laying the foundations of a wonderful new era. Foreigners who have to submit to these extortions may be pardoned for doubting the wisdom of the *blanchisseuse* and her compeers, and for leaning towards that axiom of Aristotle's which affirms that a benevolent autocracy is the best form of government.

Society can improve only by slow degrees. All that revolutions, instigated by foreign agents, really achieve is the destruction of the irreplaceable, and the transference of wealth from one man's pocket to another's. Human acquisitiveness

can never be uprooted by following the maxims of Karl Marx. From the lowest ranks of humanity we see emerging to-day uncountable *nouveaux riches*. Even the champions of the Marxian cult in Great Britain are amassing capital for themselves. Recently a labor leader—a Mr. W. Mullin—died at Oldham, leaving a fortune of more than £11,000. Those who were hitherto complaining of being exploited are beginning to exploit others in their turn. The poor are growing wealthy and the affluent are becoming gradually pauperized. The lazy and dissolute are attempting to gain possession of desirable things that belong to others. These people object to the existence of the prosperous, but they themselves have no objection to riches which are in their own possession. The most clamorous demagogue and the quietest of socialist levellers of society would gladly accept a fixed income; in point of fact, a State subsidy of a hundred a year, to be bestowed in the prime of life, is one of the extravagant demands of the British workman.

The *sans culottes* do not especially love one another. They have never shown, and never will show, the ideal communal spirit. The most savage disciple of Marxian teachers, the Jewish Commissar of Russia, gives up to his fellows nothing that he steals. His wife wears, without shame, diamond rings which her husband brought to her on bleeding hands, lopped from living women: and in order to justify himself in his deviltry he bribes the disaffected in other countries with securities which he stole from the safes of his compatriots. Such scrip, being unsaleable in his own country, is worthless to him; but as they are readily marketable elsewhere, these bonds form admirable baits for the apostles of ruffianism in other lands.

Reduced to the stark and revolting truth, the history of all upheavals, such as that which has martyred Russia from Vladivostok to Riga, is simply the story of the efforts of a few crafty and covetous men—disappointed in their ambitions, devoid of real learning, and cruel by temperament—to gain high place and extensive power by influencing the poor and ignorant to revolt against imaginary wrongs.

As we walked through the ruins of the Romanesque, abbatial church of Jumièges—dedicated to the Mother of Christ,—now

stripped of its former splendor of painted windows and gilded blazonries, these thoughts pressed heavily upon us. In the naked *Salle Capitulaire*, where abbots and priors once lay quietly in their now gaping tombs, our dismal reflections were not less insistent. The voice of the past was loud in the *Salle des Gardes*, where of old the soldiers of Charles VII watched over the rooms in which the king stayed with his beloved Agnes Sorel. The awful weight of long-passed, tragic days was heavy upon us as we passed through the Musée, which was formally the *Logement des Portiers*. There we examined the mutilated bas-reliefs; read the inscriptions on the tombstones of Nicolas Leroux, fifty-ninth Abbot of Jumièges,—who was one of the judges who condemned Joan of Arc to a horrible death,—and scrutinized the abbey's tapestries, furniture, pictures and pottery, which have been traced, bought and deposited here. On one platter of old *faïence* we read this inscription:—

“Quand je vois ma belle,
Je vois rose nouvelle,”—

and these simple words seemed like flowers among those memorials of the dead.

When we departed, leaving the village of Jumièges to its peaceful task of exporting fruit, fowls, and vegetables to England, we were still thinking of the uselessness and stupidity of the destruction of beauty, and of the madness of those who seek to bring about worldwide turmoil and misery.

More than ever was our hatred of the barbarity of ignorance re-inforced when, on our way back to Rouen, we called at the Church of Saint-Martin-de-Boscherville, and found that this glorious example of Norman-Romanesque architecture had been spoiled by some foolish priest, who spent his personal fortune in scraping, whitewashing and painting the beautiful gray walls. When this outrage was being perpetrated surely the founder of the church, Raoul de Tancarville—William the Conqueror's tutor and chamberlain—must have haunted the dreams of that misguided curé!

Shall we ever get back the joys of that rich time when the unlettered man, who labored with his hands, found real pleasure

in contemplating exquisite Gothic buildings? When will such gloriously colored windows as those which blaze in Rouen's noble church of St. Vincent again make their appeal to the *ouvrier*? Enguerrand le Prince and his talented son wrought those marvels, and they were contented artisans; much poorer, I take it, than the factory hands of to-day. Yet those artists were conscious of an inner flame which burns only in those who labor for posterity. Now, alas, few workmen bestow a single thought upon their work or upon those who are to come after them! What they chiefly rejoice in is the creed of the Father of Lies as pasted on public hoardings, and set forth shamelessly in too many newspapers; and also in the mad legislation of Socialists, which encourages the rustics to desert the country and flock to the glittering town.

The Norman potter does not now take any pleasure in writing quaint and witty conceits for the platters of *faïence* which he shapes. The French mason of to-day experiences no thrill of pride in his handiwork. That universal antipathy to labor which was everywhere apparent even before the great war is fatally undermining all the strong bases of human welfare.

I often wonder whether Verhaeren, when writing his splendid dithyrambs on cities with all their spreading tentacles of dusty ugliness, ever bestowed a logical thought on the eventual outcome of urban existence. The Past, inexorable and vindictive, tells us that the true sweetness of life is not found in pullulating cities;—and yet, even in these, the proud pleasure which comes from good work accomplished and the consciousness of responsibility to the future may yet save the world from that moral cataclysm which the fanatical dupes of Lenin seek to bring upon us.

ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

London, England.

THE ETHICS OF THE WAGE

Antiquity put a low estimate upon work as a means of acquisition. It was proper enough for slaves to drudge for the necessities of life. To be sure, mechanics and merchants represented independent lines of business. Yet the classic philosophers among the Greeks looked upon money-making as degrading, if not scandalous.

The knights of the Middle Ages considered it more honorable to be highwaymen and rob itinerant merchants than to earn a livelihood by labor. And among us even—certainly among not a few women—the idea survives that it is beneath one's dignity to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Some prefer the pinch of poverty to the badge of toil; or, if they must work, they seek to keep it a secret.

Nevertheless, the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire is more and more urged and honored to-day. Even those callings—such as authorship, nursing the sick, and teaching—which were once excluded from the wage category, from the acquisitive life, are unhesitatingly treated now as branches of business. We no longer debate the old question as to whether there may be work for which no wage should be expected. Rather, we discuss the scale of wages, and we want to know whether the wage should be as high as possible or as low as possible.

As high as possible or as low as possible! That brings us at once into the thick of the wage war, which has assumed such dimensions and such fierceness in our social life.

To idealists this wage conflict is upsetting and unedifying enough. They see the base and brutal passions that rise to the surface, they observe the mode of warfare, and the insight which they thus get into human nature is anything but refreshing. Their fine faith in the nobility of mankind is put to a severe strain. But there is another side. When we take into account our entire social development we see that these wage wars are necessary. They are at once genuine signs of our times and revelations of the divine life of humanity. It is from this point of view that we should seek to understand and interpret these

terrible human struggles. Such fierce battles as those of our time are possible only where men confront one another as free beings, only where the laborer himself assesses the worth of his labor capacity, and then encounters the free response of the individual or group that has to pay the wage.

The mediæval laborer was subject to the officially established and regulated wage tariff, so that if he felt that his master's wage was unfair, his only recourse was to authority. To-day, it is incumbent upon the laborer himself to devise measures whereby he may hope to secure just recompense for his toil. As a free man the laborer can seek work wherever he pleases. As a free man he can strike a bargain which he may fulfil according to his free judgment.

It is certainly a discouraging fact, however, that labor circles are telling us at last that their freedom is not in reality what it is called. "It is only on paper," they say, "only in your imagination; when you get down to the real fact the wage-earner has no freedom; hunger is the whip which lashes him on; your boasted free laborer is only your modern wage-slave, whose lot is really harder than that of the old actual slave, inasmuch as the owner of the latter had a self-interest in not injuring his property, an interest that no longer exists, now that we are 'free'."

Even if this talk were entirely true to the facts—which fortunately is not the case—it would yet be a deplorable misjudgment of human nature and of the laws of its development. For would not a man who hungers be, in his freedom, an infinitely higher being than the human domestic animal of olden times, which, fastened to its stall, crunched the fodder that was tossed to it? I, at least, without hesitation, would prefer the hunger death to the slave life, even if that life afforded me luxury and splendor; and I am convinced that the whole brotherhood of toilers to-day, if it could exchange its present state of freedom, with all its wants and misery, for an outwardly secure existence under slavery, would not be long in delivering its verdict.

It is precisely these misapprehenders of the stuff the modern man is made of who dull the edge of the weapon to be wielded in our social warfare. They blaspheme the spirit of humanity

and of God when they set about persuading themselves and us that the lot of former enslaved humanity is enviable as compared with that of our present free man.

But free labor is not the end of the matter. It is, indeed, only the beginning, for freedom suggests and supports the idea that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Struggle for the triumph of this principle is a holier war than Peter the Hermit's. It is more than a question of *meum* and *tuum*, or of the price which laborers are free to put upon their labor; that is, it is more than an economic question.

It is a question of *man*! It is a question of his inherited and acquired capacities, of his energy, of the personal qualities which are expressed in the food which he puts upon the market. It is a question of the kind of man that can be grown in our economic situation. Shall he go up or down? Shall he be normal or abnormal? What shall become of him and his capacities?

Now every activity means an expenditure of energy. So much cause, so much effect. The expenditure of muscle and brain must be commensurate with the achievement.

If, therefore, human life is to be so preserved that it can run its race and finish its course with dignity and joy, the energy expended in labor must be refunded in the form of nourishment, rest and recreation; that is, in the nurture of mental and bodily health. Otherwise, labor consumes the life of man, and he is not able to round out his days as a man has the right to do.

In a real sense, something of the man himself passes into his work, something which can never be restored to him. And, forasmuch as society uses and consumes this work of the man, society actually uses and consumes man's life itself. One does not need to be a radical to see and to say this. So long as our civilized humanity consumes the products of labor for which the return is not at least equivalent to the human energy exhausted in the production, so long is there cannibalism—anthropophagy—in our civilized land! When one part of society lives on the underpaid production of its laborers, it lives not simply at the expense of the blood and life of these laborers, but at the expense of their honor and morality as well.

I am not now discussing the question whether the laborer should share in the comforts and luxuries of life. I am thinking of our fellow-citizens whose wage for the most consuming and indispensable work totals too much for death and too little for life.

Now and then, society 'sits up and takes notice', feels a passive revulsion, capriciously and intermittently agitates for some governmental interference; but only some regular procedure, only thorough and fearless investigation and discovery of the facts bearing upon the wage problem in all branches of industry, can pave the way for setting matters right.

Shall we drill it into our children to save their pennies, and shall we at the same time squander human lives? Shall living men, the only value in the world, after all, be thrown upon the dump-heap? Shall we be economic in things and uneconomic in men? Shall we at once glorify and misuse the laborer's freedom?

The basic need of the hour is unconditional recognition of the great principle that man is not made for business, but business for man. It is the sacred duty and inalienable right of society to demand that none of its members shall implicate her in blood-guiltiness, that under no circumstances shall the wage fall below the normal expenditure of energy spent in doing the work. That is the minimum wage which any wage-earner, under any circumstances, should receive.

Even so, wage is only one side—the outside—of the relation of the worker to his work. The inside is the main thing,—so intimate, personal, that there is nothing (least of all, wages) that can come in between the worker and his work. Woe to the society that does not esteem the laborer worthy of his hire! But woe to the laborer who knows nothing and seeks nothing but his hire! The natural law of cause and effect—in this case, of the equality of the strength consumed in work to the productive output of the work—is common to man and nature.

This natural law is true alike of star and atom, and it is true of the tiniest part of every machine. But man is more than a machine. He is a thinking, willing, feeling being. Being more than a machine, he introduces values into his work which cannot be appraised according to natural law, and therefore can-

not count as wages or be paid in wages. There is something in all work, even in the very least, which cannot be priced and therefore cannot be paid. That something is the inner life, the feeling and conscience, of the man himself, the very beating of whose heart and pulse is in the work itself, and gives itself to us in and through the work.

The prophet Micah considered it a sign of degeneracy in his day when the priests of Israel taught for pay and the prophets prophesied for gold. And we, too, may be sure that the doom of a people is irrevocably sealed when its spiritual goods become wares, and when its spiritual laborers can be bought with a price.

Hire is a condition, not an end of labor; a means to new and further creation. Life would be a revolting thing if there were only paid labor. We must do not only unpaid, but unpayable, work; otherwise we are not worthy of the name of man. "Every man has his price." This is not true: no man has his price. Truth has no price. It rewards with its own self him who seeks it as the sole supreme thing in life. Beauty has no price. It divinely greets him who cherishes it, and rewards his fidelity with the transfiguring and hallowing light of its countenance. Virtue, too, has no price. The brave man who risks his life for love's sake cannot be recompensed.

And it is precisely these unpaid and unpayable values of life that create the only indestructible bonds of fellowship among men: respect, esteem, confidence, friendship, and love.

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER.

The University of Chicago.

HANDS

I like to think how wise God was when making man
Cunningly to devise what raises him a span
Above the four-foot beast. His hands are subtle things:
There 's wonder in the least of them. Claws, paws or wings
Are good but lack God's sign, His own creative skill
That lurks in fingers fine, answering to the will
And thought of him who sits, guiding his servants ten,
Obedient to his wits with tool or brush or pen.

The dearest of them all are babies' hands like flowers,
So pink and curled and small, yet with a strength like ours,
Learning to clutch and hold and serve the eager mind.
Good too a hand that 's old, wrinkled and worn and kind,
Seamed with its honoured age: the labourer's, grimed with toil,
His palm a printed page to show it tilled the soil,
Used mattock, plough and spade, felled timber, tamed the earth,
Sowed seed, reaped sheaves, obeyed him willingly since birth.

How subtle and how wise the strong, fine hands of art;
A genius in them lies to stir and lift the heart:
In string and wood they wake the hidden melodies.
In carven stone they make great spires against the skies,
Lift Beauty from the sod and bring Olympus down,
White goddess, bronzed god to dwell with churl and clown,
Catch angels by the sleeve: with palette, brush and paint
Make faithless souls believe in seraph and in saint.

But of all hands the best to me are yours, dear love,
I've watched them lie at rest, careless of sheltering glove,
And praised them that they were the slaves of your true mind,
So strong, so swift to care for weak and sad; so kind,
There 's healing in their touch and gracious charity
Lies in your handclasp. Such their gentleness to me
That I would ask but this, death being overcome,
Your hands to clasp my own, your hands to lead me home.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

Dalriada, Blackrock, Ireland.

AN OLD ROMANTIC TRIANGLE

During the last threescore years and ten the old story of Francesca da Rimini and her lamentable fate has been told in three plays that have been acted with more or less success. One was by an American, George Henry Boker, of Philadelphia; one by an Englishman, Stephen Phillips; and the third by an Italian, Gabriele d'Annunzio, poet, novelist, and spectacular patriot. Boker's drama was first acted in 1855, and was revived in 1882 by Lawrence Barrett and in 1901 by Otis Skinner. It has proved the most popular (certainly in literary quality it is the most notable) of American plays written before the Civil War. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* was first produced in 1899 and has not, I think, been revived. D'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* was acted for the first time in 1901 at Rome, with Eleonora Duse as Francesca and under circumstances not altogether unlike those tumultuous scenes which marked the famous battle about *Hernani*.

The basic story of the three plays all the world knows—how Francesca of Ravenna, wedded to Giovanni, or Gianciotto ("the lame"), of Rimini, loved not wisely but too well Paolo, her deformed lord's handsome brother; and how the lovers met their doom at Giovanni's hands. Boccaccio told the tale, but Dante gave it to eternity. It is the purpose of this paper to compare the three dramatic treatments of this thirteenth-century tale of woe—to show how an American, an English, and an Italian playwright each shaped his material into action and character; or, as Browning might have put it, how each mixed the gold of his fancy with the crude ore of fact.

Boker's play has the regulation five acts and blank verse, relieved by lyrics quite in the Elizabethan fashion. There is a court jester who enlivens the monotony of life in the palace of Rimini. There are also troubadours who play and sing for the handsome, poetic Paolo and his nobles, breaking the tedium of such rare inactive hours as mark the pauses of battle between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. By the end of the first act, Lanciotto the Lame, fiery son of Malatesta, and a veritable

thunderbolt of war, yields to his father's wish that he marry, for political reasons, the beautiful Francesca of Ravenna, daughter of Guido the Ghibelline.

Accordingly, a letter is dispatched to Guido announcing that Malatesta, fearing Guido's treachery should Count Lanciotto go in person to claim his bride, will send his younger son, the Count Paolo, to fetch Francesca back to Rimini. Francesca, mistaking Paolo for Lanciotto, and naturally charmed by the beauty and courtly speech of her future husband, is undeceived by her maid Ritta, but, obedient to her father, agrees to wed the absent Lanciotto. She examines Paolo:—

"*Francesca* : Does he resemble you?

"*Paolo* : Somewhat—in feature.

"*Francesca* : Is he so fair?

"*Paolo* : No, darker. He was tanned hotly
In long campaigns and battles fought,
While I lounged idly with the troubadours,
Under the shadow of his watchful sword."

Questioned further as to details, Paolo is restrained in his report of his brother's physical graces, but is eloquent in praise of his great mind and glorious deeds. It is evident, then, that Francesca must, like Desdemona, be content with seeing Lanciotto's visage in his mind.

The third act celebrates the arrival of Francesca at Rimini and her meeting with Lanciotto. Before this fateful meeting, however, the court fool Pepe, is grimly merry at the bridegroom's expense. "Teach me philosophy, good fool," says Lanciotto; and the fool replies:—

"No need.

You 'll get a teacher when you take a wife.
If she do not instruct you in more acts
Than Aristotle ever thought upon,
The good old race of woman has declined
Into a sort of male stupidity."

Lanciotto's wooing, though more ardent, is not unlike that of Prince Berthold in *Colombe's Birthday*, who has his eye mainly on Charlemagne's seat and only incidentally on marriage: the lame lover of Francesca tells the cool princess that he will 'line her path with suppliant kings', and 'spread an empire touching

the extremes of the earth'. But the lady, although acquiescent, does not notably respond to this glorious promise. Tamerlane the Great moves her less than Paolo the beautiful.

The marriage follows, but not before Lanciotto has noticed Francesca's melancholy. The sure intuition of the lady's maid, Ritta, has divined the secret:—

"She loves Paolo! Why will those I love
Forever get themselves ensnared, and heaven
Forever call on me to succor them?
Here was the mystery, then—the sighs and tears,
The troubled slumbers and the waking dreams!"

And as Francesca goes to the sacrifice, poor Ritta exclaims: "O! What a world is this!" The marriage over, Lanciotto is summoned to the wars at once, and, despite Paolo's pleadings, is gone.

The fifth act moves with Elizabethan swiftness. The lovers in an arbor in the castle gardens are reading together in the book of Lancelot and Guinevere. The court fool Pepe, hidden behind the shrubbery, sees the culminating kiss. Mightily amused and mimicking the lovers—

"Mistress Francesca, so demure and calm,
Paolo, grand, poetical, sublime,"—

he rushes forth. To Lanciotto's camp among the hills the jester goes, bursting with news, and relates the scene to the sceptical warrior:—

"Anon the pair sat down upon a bank,
To read a poem ;—the tenderest romance,
All about Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.
The Count read well—I'll say that much for him—
Only he stuck too closely to the text,
Got too much wrapped up in the poesy,
And played Sir Lancelot's actions, out and out,
On Queen Francesca. Nor in royal parts
Was she so backward. When he struck the line—
'She smiled; he kissed her full upon the mouth';
Your lady smiled, and by the saints above,
Count Paolo carried out the sentiment! . . .
After the kiss, up springs our amorous count,
Flings Queen Guinevere and Sir Lancelot
Straight to the devil; growls and snaps his teeth,
Laughs, weeps, howls, dances; talks about his love,

His madness, suffering, and the Lord knows what,
 Bullying the lady like a thief. But she,
 All this hot time, looked cool and mischievous;
 And when he calmed a little, up she steps
 And takes him by the hand. You should have seen
 How tame the furious fellow was at once!
 How he came down, snivelled, and cowed to her,
 And fell to kissing her again. It was
 A perfect female triumph! Such a scene
 A man might pass through life and never see.
 More sentiment then followed,—buckets full
 Of washy words, not worth my memory.
 But all the while she wound his countship up,
 Closer and closer; till at last—tu!—wit!—
 She scoops him up, and off she carries him,
 Fish for her table."

I have quoted the fool at length, for, in the three plays I am considering, this is the most racy speech. Needless to say, it is a good enough piece of satire on sentimentalism to please a true Meredithian and move to merriment the mocker at heroic tragedy. The faithful jester becomes the victim of his master's wrath, for in an access of frenzy Lanciotto stabs him; then, fired with eagerness to know the truth and mad with jealous rage, he hurries to Rimini. In the romantic garden of the castle he finds the lovers, Paolo remorseful and resolved to break away, and as they take their farewell kiss the wronged husband advances between them, strikes Paolo, who refuses to return the blow, then stabs Francesca and, as the household rushes in, his brother. Paolo dies on Francesca's bosom. Lanciotto, calling old Malatesta to witness that the honor of the house is safe, himself falls on Paolo's body. So proceeds and ends the American play.

Twenty years ago—in 1899, to be exact—the young English poet Stephen Phillips, who had won his laurels in several dramatic lyrics, finished his play *Paolo and Francesca*. It was written at the instance of George Alexander, the well-known actor-manager, for presentation at the St. James's Theatre. Perhaps the critics and a respectable number of enlightened Londoners, a little wearied with early Shavian whimsies and Jonesian lectures, wanted an escape into "old, forgotten, far-off things". And so they welcomed a return of the mediæval lovers, a theme peculiarly congenial to the temperament of Stephen

Phillips. It proved the most successful of his plays, but, as was to be expected, it was too delicately lyric for a long stage life and soon joined itself to the noble fellowship of English literary dramas.

All the four acts of Phillips's play, except parts of three scenes, are in blank verse—a verse exquisitely modulated, but almost cloying in its sweetness. The action opens with Giovanni's announcement to his assembled guests and retainers of the dispatch of his brother Paolo to Ravenna to bring Francesca on the road to Rimini, immediately followed by the entrance of Paolo leading in Giovanni's bride amid flowers and sunlight. She is a childlike maiden, "all dewy from her convent fetched," who has shed no tears except over the pages of a book, and who instinctively clings to Paolo in her strange, cold, new world. Giovanni, warned by his cousin Lucrezia, that "youth goes towards youth" and that peril may impend, is heedless, absorbed in weighty political matters and seeing revolt, not within his house, but without. But the presageful visage of blind Angela, who dimly sees two reading in "a place of leaves" and later dead within each other's arms, moves him strangely.

A week later Giovanni is called by war's alarms. Paolo flees the palace, fearing to trust himself in Francesca's presence. Blind Angela's sybilline words have fatefully changed the atmosphere. Lucrezia, childless widow, highly sensitized and sympathetic, and Nita, Francesca's maid, experienced in heart affairs, scent coming trouble; and the guileless girl of Ravenna, innocent of the world,—a suddenly emancipated Lady of Shalott—moves in a maze of perilous cross-currents. Meanwhile Paolo, lingering in a wayside inn, filled with soldiers and waiting-girls, and torn with an agony of indecision between duty and love, hits upon poison as the only way out.

A scene in a wizard's shop—an Elizabethan apothecary shop, just as the inn was good old Tudor—introduces lovelorn maidens buying charms to win indifferent swains, as preliminary to the entrance of Giovanni, disguised, in search of a magic drug wherewith to gain Francesca's love. Enter Paolo in quest of his deadly potion. Incautiously he reveals to the apothecary his purpose and the cause. Giovanni, concealed, has heard it

all and is torn with conflicting passions. Upon his return to the castle, he is again summoned to battle with the Ghibellines. But Paolo, unable to forego one last glimpse of paradise, steals softly to the castle gardens as dawn is beginning to break, and there finds Francesca reading an "ancient tale". And so they fall to reading alternately and, after about a page and a half, to kissing inevitably.

Upon his return Giovanni learns from Lucrezia that Paolo is in the palace, and decides to give it out that he must again be absent several days, secretly intending to return and surprise the lovers. Francesca, vaguely sensing trouble, implores him to remain, and, failing to move him, begs Lucrezia to stay with her in the night, as she is like a motherless child—a touch, by the way, found also in d'Annunzio's play, but without this note of homelessness: the Italian's Francesca wants her sister; the Englishman's cries out for her mother:—

"I have no mother: let me be your child
To-night: I am so utterly alone!
Be gentle with me; or if not, at least
Let me go home; this world is difficult.
O, think of me as of a little child
That looks into your face, and asks your hand."

But while Lucrezia is gone to intercept Giovanni and while Francesca's maid Nita slips out to chat with Bernardo, Paolo comes. Then follows the most impassioned dialogue in the play, entrancing verse that leaps along on the brink of the precipice with the doomed lovers. They pass through the curtains in the rear. Giovanni slays them off the stage in the great sleeping-chamber. Their bodies are, by Giovanni's orders, borne to the front on a litter as the blind sybil Angela chants her chorus-like lament:—

"Two lately dead
Rushed past me in the air."

Bending over them, Giovanni kisses them on the foreheads and in a shaken voice concludes:—

"She takes away my strength.
I did not know the dead could have such hair.
Hide them. They look like children fast asleep."

The final scene is not unlike that of a Greek tragedy, "all passion spent".

D'Annunzio's play, *Francesca da Rimini*, followed hard upon Phillips's. In the translation by Arthur Symons the loose Italian blank verse has been faithfully rendered into the corresponding English metre. The five acts are full of agitation, battle and blood,—a lively drama with a background of thirteenth-century Italy. The plot begins in Ravenna, with gayety and laughter between court jester and maidens; the turmoil of idle soldiers; the wounding of a comrade, who leaves a bloodstain on the marble floor; the relation of Francesca's ill-omened dream; the uncanny presence of the slave-girl; the tearful embrace of Francesca and her sister; the coming of Paolo; and the presentation by Francesca to Paolo of a blood-red rose, from the old Byzantine sarcophagus in the court, as the two silently face each other across the marble railing.

The rest of the action takes place at Rimini. The second act reveals the archers on the parapet of a castle ready for battle, and Francesca among them fearlessly playing with Greek fire in a sort of desperate daring of fate. Paolo shows himself an accomplished archer by piercing with an arrow the throat of a mocking enemy of his brother Gianciotto across the way. Paolo, indeed, fights as in a frenzy — fights to save himself from the peril of Francesca's presence. But the two lead a charmed life in all this inferno of battle. For his bravery Paolo is made head of the Florentine state.

In the third act Francesca, lonely, distrait, afflicted by dreams, soothed by her maid, is diverted by the talk of a pedlar, just then arrived from Florence, who tells her that Paolo will shortly return, much to the regret of the Florentines. She rewards him by buying all his stuffs and lavishing them upon her maidens in a mood of suppressed excitement, while the fool and the jester banter each other, and the dancers and musicians enliven the scene and spring violets perfume the court. All this is as a prelude to Paolo's return, the dialogue of the lovers, the reading in the book of *Lancelot of the Lake*, and the inevitable kiss.

The fourth act is mainly about Malatestino, Giovanni's older brother, who does not figure in the other two plays. He had

been nursed to health by Francesca after being dangerously wounded and, like other sick men, had fallen in love with his nurse. But Francesca had repulsed him. She had, moreover, chided him for cutting off the head of a moaning prisoner under her apartments, and had commented on it to her husband and Paolo. Thus Malatestino, her nemesis, has a motive for revenge. Like Modred, he lurks about and spies upon the lovers, and plots with Giovanni for their destruction. Returning unexpectedly, Giovanni finds the door of Francesca's room fastened, bursts it open, discovers Paolo stopped in his attempted flight by the bolt of a trapdoor which has caught in his cloak, tries to stab him, pierces the breast of Francesca, who has rushed between, and then the heart of Paolo. Giovanni does not moralize, but "stoops in silence, bends his knee with a painful effort, and, across the other knee, breaks his bloodstained sword".

I have rapidly sketched the plots of these three plays as a basis for some comparative conclusions. D'Annunzio's play is much the longest of the three, requiring on the first presentation five hours. Later it was cut and acted with greater success in various European cities. I have spoken of the metre as a loose blank verse, not free verse, although the lines are much varied in length. In English literature one finds, in general, the same sort of blank verse in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna*, and in some of Henley's poems. D'Annunzio's verse is sensuous and passionate without being simple. It is very self-conscious, the finished product of an artist, a historian, and an orator. Rich old Italian color is everywhere: the blood-red rosebush in the old sarcophagus, the rose in Francesca's hand (almost Hawthornesque in its symbolism), bloodstains, lurid flames, gorgeous shields, crimson sunsets, bleeding faces, red wine, flaring torches, flaming skies, burning cities, patches of scarlet, bunches of violets, gory heads, pots of basil, purple grapes, and the last object in the play is Gianciotto's bloodstained sword. Color is everywhere, but crimson predominates, as if the dramatist would confirm Dante's great line—

"Noi che tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno."

D'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* is a tragedy of blood, but not in the Senecan or Elizabethan sense. It seems too real for that. A student of thirteenth-century Italy, d'Annunzio is careful of detail. He is so careful and so accurate that history retards drama in the first act; we must let two or three learned partisans of Guido have their tedious say about the interminable Ghibelline affairs. Of course, that is expected in a chronicle-play, but hardly in a lyrical drama of love. The dramatist, however, never gets his eyes off the background: Francesca and Paolo and Gianciotto are rooted in that dark soil. The American and English dramatists forget the setting in their intense interest in the love of a man for a maid under exciting circumstances; not so with the Italian. He sticks closer to the few historic facts of the old triangular romance than does either of the others. He alone, for instance, refers to Paolo's wife, Orabile. He stretches the time of the action over a longer period, allowing Paolo a two months' stay in Florence, while the others reduce the interval between the marriage and the murder to a few days. All three very properly ignore the ten years of Giovanni's wedded life, and the children of Paolo and Orabile, and of Giovanni and Francesca. Following Dante, they concentrate their attention on love and death and youth.

D'Annunzio alone of the three follows Boccaccio in the details of the murder,—the locked door, the breaking in, and the attempted escape of Paolo interrupted by the catching of his mantle on the bolt of the trap-door; and only the Italian ends the play without a remorseful remark by Giovanni. Boccaccio tells us that "leaving them both dead, he hastily went his way to his wonted affairs". D'Annunzio is the only one of the three dramatists to utilize the quite Italian incident of Francesca gazing through the casement at the newly-arrived Paolo, pointed out to her by her maid as her future husband. Phillips omits the Ravenna scene, while both d'Annunzio and Boker give an entire act to it. In general, it may be said that the Italian is mainly concerned with harmony of setting and truth to mediæval life. It is significant of his attitude toward his material that in the famous reading scene, he has the lovers use the actual book of which Dante speaks—that is, he translates literally

into Italian the passage from the old French romance, *Lancelot of the Lake*: a proceeding that undoubtedly adds to the realism of the action. The effect is vital; while in Boker and Phillips, both of whom make up the Lancelot-Guinevere dialogue, the "ancient tale" is obviously manufactured for the occasion in verse too little distinguished from that which precedes and follows. The reader of d'Annunzio's play is quite convinced that the author is an archæologist as well as a poet and a dramatist.

His characters are intensely alive. Who, indeed, could escape liveliness when d'Annunzio is in creative labor? Is he not himself the most melodramatic figure of our own times, a Rienzi *redivivus*, the spectacular if unsuccessful defender of Fiume against the Philistines? And so he knew how to energize the Lord of Rimini against the Ghibellines. His lame Malatesta is no moralizing philosopher like Boker's, no superstitious seeker after love-philtres like Phillips's, but a remorseless warrior, practical, swift in action, cruel yet chivalrous,—madman, poet, and lover all compact. His Paolo is the perfect archer, accomplished horseman, dashing captain of a city state, troubadour, ardent wooer; were he living in modern Italy, he would be no doubt a thrilling aviator. I seem to be describing d'Annunzio himself—only another way of saying that d'Annunzio's heroes, like Byron's, made in their creator's image, hear and reproduce their master's tones. His Francesca is no wide-eyed, childlike maiden, such as Phillips's; she can scatter Greek fire about the battlements, stand by her lover while he handles the crossbow, buckle on his armor, nurse a wounded warrior, and gaze unflinchingly on blood. She is no Amazon, however, but very much of a woman. Troubled by ominous dreams, she clings to her sister and her maidens for sympathy; she weeps for fear of coming evil; she shudders at prisoners' cries; she is graceful in speech and manner, sensitive to beauty and devoted to music:—

"I and Samaritana,
My sister, at Ravenna, in our home,
Lived always, always in the midst of singing.
Our mother had indeed a throat of gold.
From our first infancy
Music flowed over us and bent our souls
As the water bends the grass upon the bank.
And our mother said to me:
Sweet singing can put out all harmful things."¹

¹ Symons's translation.

The two leading impressions one carries away from d'Annunzio's play are a sense of reality and a sense of beauty. Here are men and women of Dante's time, an age of blood, whose joy of living is inseparably joined with their love of the beautiful. They may be cruel, but they are none the less infallibly artistic. They are artistic without subtlety. They lack, of course, the complexity of moderns; the burden and the mystery of life—its tragic undertone—they apparently neither know nor care about. Perhaps Francesca has a faint intuitive sense of it, but she is less modern than Tennyson's Guinevere. These children of thirteenth-century Italy do not moralize, do not analyze. D'Annunzio has endowed them with intense lyric speech, not with a system of philosophy; such philosophy as they have is essentially practical and teaches them to make the most of life while it lasts.

Of the three plays the *Paolo and Francesca* of Stephen Phillips has the greatest simplicity of plot. Compared with d'Annunzio's drama it seems thin and lacking in range and vigor. Instead of life itself we find a dim, dreamlike region, and shadowy figures speaking distantly. One has only to read a page from John Webster, for instance, and then a page from this drama to appreciate the difference between late Elizabethan romance and this late Victorian variety. The one is a voice, the other an echo. In pure vitality Phillips's play also falls short of Boker's. The noise of battle is excluded, action is reduced to a minimum, and "supernatural solicitings" engage the attention—blind Angela's clairvoyance, sleeping-potions, and love-charms. Suspicion early becomes an obsession with Giovanni. Giovanni's occupation is gone; he perfunctorily chases the troublesome Ghibelline, but diligently plots against his elusive brother. Thanks to Lucrezia's suspicions and Angela's visionary revelations, he has become a restless spirit. D'Annunzio's Gianciotto is throughout the play the warrior, Boker's the warlike philosopher, and Phillips's the jealous husband. Paolo in the Englishman's play is all melancholy lover, running away, buying poison, and returning as the moth to the flame. He is no more interested in war than is his brother. Francesca, as I have already remarked,

is a sweet convent girl. Phillips gets rid of the fighting and the feuds and the blood, concentrating his energy on the intrigue, its beginning, progress, and tragic end. His play has more unity than the others—the unity and symmetry of a Greek drama: there are no violent deeds on the stage, there is a sort of chorus in Angela, and Fate is writ large in the triple tragedy.

Let us call it, then, an exquisite dramatic poem in lyric tones celebrating the death of youth,—Poe's conception of an ideal theme. *Paolo and Francesca* is among the noblest poetic utterances in English drama since Tennyson; it is far less of a closet drama than any one of Tennyson's because it has several good stage situations, two of which are mildly comic, and because it moves unimpeded by lengthy speeches. The simplicity of the plot is enhanced by the omission of Malatestino, Malatesta, and Guido, members of the family whose presence in the other plays seems more or less superfluous. One finds a distinctive note in the lament of the childless Lucrezia, a figure even more tragic than Francesca; and, in this play, as in Boker's, much is made of the childhood affection of the brothers, a circumstance which is not in keeping with the fiercer amenities of the Italian play.

George Henry Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* is almost fifty years older than the two plays already considered. It pleased the taste of a generation that loved romantic tragedy, and it proved vital enough to receive applause from later audiences. One is, of course, reconciled to the long speeches, the soliloquies, the asides, the sprinkling of classical names, and the frequent lyric relief, quite in the old romantic manner—conventions of a day that is dead. But the present-day reader, if he happen to have a good sense of rhythm, will be refreshed by Boker's blank verse after he has taken a turn at interpreting the variegated patterns of the imagists. No other American drama, of the numerous romantic tribe which peopled our stage from Godfrey's *Prince of Parthia* to Julia Ward Howe's *Leonora*, can show such admirably modulated verse. Indeed, with the possible exception of Bryant, American poets have not written notable blank verse, and Bryant had no dramatic sense. Boker is both a really good poet and a respectable dramatist.

His play has a certain humanness, particularly in the minor characters, and a raciness which give it a distinct American flavor. The sauciness of Francesca's maid Ritta and the lively fooling of the jester are quite in keeping with our traditional love for the comic spirit, and it is easy to understand how these two characters were stage favorites. I have already given a specimen of the fool's wit. Ritta's account of her 'case' with Joe (Giuseppe, for long) is better bourgeois comedy than Phillips's tavern scene; while the colloquy between Ritta and Lord Guido of Ravenna, her master, who remarks, with grim humor, that he boiled her predecessor in a pot for revealing some secret, ends with this choice bit of irony from Ritta:—

"Saints above!
I wonder if he ate her! Boil me—me!
I'll roast or stew with pleasure; but to boil
Implies a want of tenderness,—or rather
A downright toughness—in the matter boiled,
That 's slanderous to a maiden. What, boil me—
Boil me! O! Mercy, how ridiculous!"

Boker, alone of the three dramatists, makes the lame son of Malatesta an essentially noble character. His nobility, indeed, gives dignity, and almost a moral elevation, to the play. Lanciotto, as Boker names him, does not want to marry Francesca, urging, rather, the greater fitness of his brother Paolo for the beautiful lady's hand. He dwells much upon his own deformity, an emphasis which the dramatist may have caught from the popular demand for a perpetuation of the humpbacked Richard. His battle-seared veteran of Rimini is a generous soul, well read in philosophy, soliloquizing in true Cato fashion, and at the last unable to survive the double tragedy in which fate has relentlessly involved him. The Francesca of the American play is the most likable of the three,—sympathetic, womanly, sensible. She weeps at her maid's recital of her own love troubles, but sheds few tears over her own,—a too obedient daughter and a well-meaning wife, no doubt, if only her lord had stayed at home! But what would one have? Hardly, I fancy, a husband who cries out: "I am homesick for the camp"; "A soldier's duty has no bridals in it"; and, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, rushes off precipitately to war. Boker's Paolo is not admirable.

He seems tired after his mission to Ravenna to woo the fair Francesca for his brother—Boker's is the only play in which this proxy wooing is given—and when he is back at home he merely awaits developments, which are rapid enough after he and the lady begin to read together. Phillips's lover sought poison, d'Annunzio's killed Ghibellines and ruled in Florence. The Italian's is the strongest of the three, the one most likely to attract either a thirteenth- or a twentieth-century Francesca.

Thus have three modern poets dealt with the old story of Dante's eternally inseparable pair, and each has very naturally colored it according to the genius of his own race. Each has, moreover, interpreted it in harmony with his own temperament. A careful reading of the three plays leads one to conclude that the Italian's version is the most colorful and most historically faithful, the Englishman's the most delicately lyric, and the American's the most sanely human.

JOHN CALVIN METCALF.

The University of Virginia.

FRIENDS IN FICTION

Nay, these are friends, close friends; I may not think
That each was formed to fit a master-thought,
Made to a careful pattern, cut and brought
To nature's semblance with a drop of ink;
My gallant gentlemen, my lads of pride,
My golden maidens and most gracious age,
And children romping from a happy page
As little neighbors might, to gain my side.

These are the friends I made when I was young,
Given to many friendships, that to-day
Show like illusions, faint and far away,
But these alone have lived, endured and clung.
Real as my love, alive in all my joys,—
I cannot think of them as paper toys.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

Short Hills, New Jersey.

ON BEING SILENT

A clever friend of mine whose talk is a bough from the lost Eden of conversation writes me that she means to cultivate "the exquisite art of silence" and to be a listener for the rest of her days.

This resolution, which, fortunately for her friends, she will never be able to keep, was formed after an enforced diet of talk monotonously one-sided. She had been ill, and during her convalescence, when she was unable to defend herself conversationally, she had many visitors. And all of them entertained her, more or less, with monologues woven of the tissue of the dearest of pronouns.

"Never", she said, "shall I make my friends suffer,—as I must have done in the past. I seem to hear the echo of my own chattering tongue, as I write this. I have had a lesson; and I have discovered how little we know of the capacity of our acquaintances. People I had never known to talk at all—stupid, quiet, wordless almost,—rose to the occasion and inundated me—*me!* I, who had poured cataracts of talk around their rocks of silence in other times, was engulfed in a whirlpool. All they needed was the opportunity. The flood was there—turgid, primeval. They danced like corks on it, while I—drowned! I remembered, as I suffered, that I, too, had dealt in monologues,—no, don't say of a different kind! The person afflicted with the monologue mania should buy a typewriter and coerce the public in print. The basic principle of talk is exchange. If you don't want to reason it out as a balanced ration for the soul, it can at least be a duel of wit. . . ."

There, perhaps, she touched the crux of the sad superfluity of talk that is not talk. To be of interest, not to say of value, talk must be like a sword in an expert fencer's hands, and the quickness of an adversary should be no measure for damning. It is the *touché!* that draws one's best in response; but it happens only with an opponent who knows the science of the game and can "tire the sun with talking", with a zest to match one's own. Wit, according to an able Roman of long ago, is not to be acquired by art. Perhaps even Mr. Shaw's agility is less the result of practice than of temperament. No straw, no bricks!

We do not accept the necessity of averages with pleasure; the exceptional thing is what we want. We weave garlands of regret for 'lost arts' and include gracious conversation and graceful letter-writing in our celebration of vanished joys. We are inclined to fancy that as civilization smooths the path of the world, it also holds up the mirror of mediocrity. The clever pre-Victorian talk of England, and the regulated brilliance of the *salon* idea of France, offer such comparisons of delicate distinction and of mental vigor, that our image of each swims in finely superior proportion to the careless reflection of our modern method.

It is easy to say that good talk is not to be found in Philistine market-places. It is also easy to say that it belongs to the Bohemian fastnesses of the arts and the artists. A bystander, who calls himself a Philistine, suggests that fellow-craftsmen are jealous servers of the temple. He points out that few people are more impatient with one another than brothers of the pen. At long distance, or, in such happy instance as long-enduring friendship, he agrees that they can be just and generous, can even speak of, and to, one another with forbearance and charity. But, he warns, do not expect this to be the case if they are gathered into some social fold for exhibition purposes. There they revert at once to type! Type, he continues to expound, is with them complete preoccupation with ego. It isn't possible for Smith to exchange intellectual ideas with Jones at the same tea- or dinner-table. To expect such fraternal grace in the fraternity is to lay up disappointment, and my 'outlander' friend asserts that only a layman with 'literary aspirations' would expect a rendering of the Golden Rule under such circumstances. Jones, he says, if we crudely reason it out, is a man who is engaged in selling his ego at so much a foot, or page, as a matter of livelihood as well as of personal preference. So is Smith. Is it possible that either would expose valuable ideas for the other's absorption? They regard each other with the suspicious tenseness of shopkeepers who know that all that glitters is not gold; and, my friend cynically adds, a wise hostess nowadays arranges separate dates for her various 'stars'. The artistic temperament, in order really to shine, needs a clear stage and crowding spectators.

The man who says all this has listened a great deal, and he knows the worth of a real thing, but his critical attitude has confused his spirit. He applies his opinion too sweepingly, and forgets that the distrust and envy and incipient jealousy he sees to-day at close range, belonged equally to the period when talk was the conscious art and silence a state of mind. We have to remember also that our records of the good talk of France and England have preserved only the high lights; the vivid gleams of wit and fancy embroider a background that is left largely to the imagination. It was poor Goldsmith, was it not, who earnestly wished talk to be a republic instead of a monarchy; and Madame Geoffrin gave her charming definition of the art as it should be: "A little tree—quite round, with branches on every side." But isn't it, more or less, because of the condition that Goldsmith and Madame Geoffrin desired—the perfect freedom for each to contribute his opinion before gods and men—that talk has dwindled to the proportion of our manners? We have the freedom, beyond a doubt; but will future ages echo the advantage we have taken of it?

Something, of course, must be granted to the host or hostess of the past, whose secret seems to have perished with them. That people should entertain others and themselves by the exercise of their own brains would to-day be accounted cheap and stupid. The modern hostess has a liberal purse, and paid entertainers and blaring music provide an oriental atmosphere in which the bravest thought would hesitate to bloom. So many people, these days, have the ability to encourage hesitation in speech! Those who have a nimble wit, and the power to stir a like response in others, are as rare as blue flowers. Sainte Beuve says that a critic is a sentinel who should always be awake—"to help those whom the tempest overtakes". But the critical person overtaken by the tempest of other people's talk has only the thought of helping himself. Gloom more often unfolds itself in language than does sprightliness, and there are righteous moments when the most hardened listener is impelled to 'draw a bow at Hastings' on his own account. The young man who listened to Job and his friends could do very well with words himself, once he was started; and there was never a poet, from

Solomon to Swinburne, whose tongue failed to be as fluent as his pen. Having an imagination means giving it exercise in one way or another, and a hard gallop with words is sometimes more soothing to one's bounding ego than the measured pace of an exhibition promenade. We are doing our duty to ourselves—and remotely to our ancestors—when we talk. We have to remember that it is not our souls that are brought home on our shields after death to receive burial. The measure of a man, living beyond him, has to be his own interpretation of himself, in his work, or in the memory of his friends.

Spontaneity is a note that can always charm, and those delightful talkers of the Holland House *coterie* echo its quality from many records. If the hostess, and termagant, had the French *salon* in mind in assembling her guests, the idea escaped the artificial bounds of its prototype. There was no set, conversational subject for which each guest prepared his contributions. Packed like sardines about the Holland House table, those people were natural to absurdity. They bickered, they fought, they harangued one another with congenial aptitude. Though conversation flowed naturally, however, and apparently without arbitrary direction, it was the secret vice of the host—himself so often silent—to be inordinately proud of the clever talk that circulated along with Allen's oppression and the French cook's dishes. He savored its bouquet as his private and special brand of diversion. Indeed, for a time, he kept a diary of the conversation—a record of the barometric rise and fall of his guests' vivacity. What the guests—even the strong-minded and un-self-conscious Macaulay—would have felt had they known that their 'capital specimens' were in process of capture by their pleasant, gouty host, we can only imagine. We know of Lady Holland's 'amenities' of table talk from many sources, and we gather that, if the sting was often bitter, she knew equally well how to be kind. There is a charming touch in Guizot's anecdote of her old age. Finding her alone when he called, he asked, with less tact than Frenchmen usually show, if she were often lonely. "No—very seldom. But when it occurs, I am not without resources. I ask the friends you see there" (pointing to the walls hung with portraits) "to come down. I know the place that each

preferred—the armchair in which he was accustomed to sit. I find myself again with Fox, Romilly and Sheridan. They speak to me and I am no longer alone." In its fine and pathetic courage, this speech is a revelation of what her controlling spirit must have been in its prime.

The day of the monologist is doubtless done, but we turn the pages that tell us of it with interest and regret. We like the glimpses of Macaulay round his logical periods; of Carlyle growling anathemas; of Swift putting mordant emphasis on other people's failings; of Pope's satirical grimace behind his mask. Boswell delights us as he draws Johnson's blank cartridges with untiring zeal, and discovers immortality for himself—a rare case of the reward that can come to the intentional listener! What the intellectual groundling who had to listen to Johnson would have said, if he had dared, would make joyous reading for a modern holiday. De Quincey speaks somewhere of the "sad civility" of social talk. Greek meets Greek but seldom these days: we are polite and commonplace to the point of boredom.

Those of us, however, who realize the scarcity of Attic salt might say that only a stupid reasoner would consider the average person commonplace. If he seem so, the reason is often because the formula for extracting his essential quality is absent from one's self. The mere business man may not stab one's spirit awake with a brilliant phrase, but he may surprise his condescending superior by the way a practical ruling can measure an abstract ideal. The sword of common-sense has infinite uses.

Stevenson, in his delightful essay, *Talk and Talkers*, says that women spoil talk. Perhaps he is not quite fair in this; and yet we all know that it is the exceptional woman only who can play the conversational game with poise and intelligence. Women regard speech without reverence, and they are very apt to treat it carelessly. A man's freedom with words is calculable; a woman's incalculable. She plunges, floats, dives, as the notion seizes her, but very rarely does she strike out with a sweeping stroke for a definite anchorage. A man is chivalrously—or contemptuously—sure that a woman cannot take care of herself in deep water. He escorts her kindly, in certain depths, never

suggesting that they race each other around a distant point. We know these things,—just as we know that the woman who is not erratic in conversation exerts no charm on the masculine mind. Women *as women* fascinate the opposite sex in their talk, and to be perfectly charming a woman should encourage men to be sensible, but never be so herself.

All roads lead to Rome, and the experienced traveller—or listener—knows how possible it is to gather delightful fragments of talk from queer angles of incidence. Borrow's stranger, whom he met that rainy day on the bridge in Seville, was a happy instance almost out of the range of possibility. Truth being stranger than fiction, however, he really happened. Those men of tastes and traits and travel so similar and congenial, spent hours together in delighted talk—wandering stars that matched each other's gleam in passing. That their talk was good talk we are sure, although only one of the two has left a record of it. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, also, has caused us to feel the fascination that comes from making an adventurous acquaintance. His *Onion Eater* and his *Hermit* are intriguing figures in his charming pages. The man in rags, "bound for nowhere", who can say "in the accents of a lettered man: 'This is indeed a day to be alive'" appeals to those of us who feel the lure of free spaces and unpremeditated speech. Nothing—not even music—can equal the thrill of the winged word that flashes out a communicable joy.

As to silence, golden as the proverb calls it, what good can we say of it? If only a savage or a god can delight in solitude, it is as limited a class that can endure the detachment of silence. If it is golden, is it not in danger of becoming miser's gold,—that buried treasure that helps no one to be brave and gay and honest? Silence grudges. It refuses to "kiss the joy as it flies". It can be a weapon to bludgeon with; it is the high card for tragedy, for pity, for profound grief. But its note has no place in the familiar intercourse of friends, and those who use its aloofness as a refuge forget that nothing is more revealing of a man's real self than his silences. He floats spiritually before his friends as in a crystal. The veil of speech defends much that is indefensible, perhaps, but it also helps us to view our fellows with the necessary charity.

It should not be necessary to explain that silence has nothing to do with the divine encouragement of listening. That is indeed another pair of shoes. No one is less silent than the listener who follows with comprehending interest and appreciation. Talking and listening are gracious and interpretative arts, but silence is ignoble. It has no vision, no horizon—but only the pit that it has digged.

Let us talk—not too well or wisely, lest we make it difficult for our friends to conceal their envy—but at least well enough to pass in the crowd. To be merry in one language may not produce the subtlety of effect that being silent in half-a-dozen offers, but at least its content of spirit is one of which we need not be nationally ashamed.

MAY HARRIS.

Robinson Springs, Alabama.

INDIAN SONG

I lean low to listen at the river
For the splash of his paddle far away.
River, river, swift and smiling river,
River, bring my lover back to-day!
Since he went away up the river
The day's complacent light is a shadow to my sight
And the long nights are colder than the river.
Wistful are the flowers by the river,
And the wild grape's ripening is an arrow-cruel thing
When I breathe its scent alone by the river.
When I hear him singing down the river
Waiting I will stand where he steers his boat to land
With my feet in the ripples of the river.
I will flow into his arms as the river
Melts in the embrace of the sea.
River, river, strong and secret river,
River, bring my lover home to me!

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

New York.

THREE POEMS

THEOCRITUS

I watched the chasing swallows ring,
I heard a lark's song, far away,
The meadows all were blossoming
With buttercup, and surge of May;

Above the elms the dappled blue;
The young lambs skipped as we did pass;
The wheeling rooks, black-wingèd, threw
Their quick black shadows on the grass;

Ah, singer of the hills and sea,
Pan and the nymphs and old delight,
Was ere a morn in Sicily
So gay, so green, so blue and white?

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER

His mornings were opals that smouldered and grew
And flushed, in Aurora's most gossamer gauze,
To days in a triumph,—gold, scarlet, and blue,—
That pageanted past like a flight of macaws!

His woodlands were orange, were crimson,—a blaze,
A dazzle of colours that flaunted and fled,
Till lordly cock pheasants that walked in their ways
Looked sober as doves on the carpets they spread;

Each dusk was a turquoise, a bed for the stars,
With tangled across it slow skeins of black rooks;
While indoors the firelight crept out through the bars
And painted Romance on the pages of books!

AT MELGUND

(One of the residences of Cardinal Beaton)

Some fields, a burn, a little wood,
And there the castled ruin stood
In autumn rain and solitude;

I walked into the crumbling hall,
Where oft had walked the Cardinal;
A proud and cruel priest withal;

Who, for intrigue and faggot, paid
The price, at last, on Melvil's blade,
Unshriven and, for that, afraid;

"The warm, peaked beard, the furtive face,
The red robes, worn with sumptuous grace,
One half might see in this sad place!"

Said I; and as the words were said,
A great dog-fox the chamber fled,—
A sudden, sinuous form in red;

An evil thing, that leapt the wall
As silent as a leaf might fall;
The daws wheeled screaming. That was all.

PATRICK R. CHALMERS.

London, England.

MAETERLINCK AND MEDIÆVAL GARDENS

Maurice Maeterlinck's charming essay, *Old-Fashioned Flowers*, in his volume of essays named *The Double Garden*, is a beautiful tribute to the sweetness of a cottage garden. All true lovers of old-fashioned flowers owe him their thanks for this essay, yet it contains certain inaccuracies that rather seriously misrepresent the feeling of the Middle Ages for nature.

The passages in the essay to which I refer are:—

“Old flowers, I said. I was wrong; for they are not so old. When we study their history and investigate their pedigrees, we learn with surprise that most of them, down to the simplest and commonest, are new beings, freedmen, exiles, newcomers, visitors, foreigners. Any botanical treatise will reveal their origins. The Tulip, for instance, (remember La Bruyère's ‘Solitary’, ‘Oriental’, ‘Agate’, and ‘Cloth of Gold’), came from Constantinople in the sixteenth century. The Ranuncula, the Lunaria, the Maltese Cross, the Balsam, the Fuchsia, the African Marigold, or *Tagetes Erecta*, the Rose Campion, or *Lychnis Coronaria*, the two-colored Aconitè, the *Amaranthus Caudatus*, or Love-lies-bleeding, the Hollyhock and the *Campanula Pyramidalis* arrived at about the same time from the Indies, Mexico, Persia, Syria, and Italy. The Pansy appears in 1613; . . . the long-leaved Veronica in 1713; the Perennial Phlox is a little older. The Indian Pink made its entrance into our gardens about 1713. The Garden Pink is of modern date. The Portulaca did not make her appearance till 1828; the Scarlet Sage till 1822. The Ageratum, or *Cœlestinum*, now so plentiful and so popular, is not two centuries old. The *Helichrysum*, or Everlasting, is even younger. The Zinnia is exactly a centenarian. The Spanish Bean, a native of South America, and the Sweet Pea, an immigrant from Sicily, number a little over two hundred years. The Anthemis, whom we find in the least-known villages, has been cultivated only since 1699 . . . The Dahlia was born in 1802; and the *Gladiolus* is of yesterday.

“What flowers, then, blossomed in the gardens of our fathers? Very few, no doubt, and very small and very humble, scarce to be distinguished from those of the roads, the fields and the glades. Before the sixteenth century, those

gardens were almost bare; and, later, Versailles itself, the splendid Versailles, could have shown only what is shown to-day by the poorest village. Alone, the Violet, the Garden Daisy, the Lily of the Valley, the Marigold, the Poppy, a few Crocuses, a few Irises, a few Colchicums, the Foxglove, the Valerian, the Larkspur, the Cornflower, the Clove, the Forget-me-not, the Gillyflower, the Mallow, the Rose, still almost a Sweetbriar, and the great silver Lily, the spontaneous finery of our woods and of our snow-frightened, wind-frightened fields: these alone smiled upon our forefathers, who, for that matter, were unaware of their poverty. Man had not yet learnt to look around him, to enjoy the life of nature. Then came the Renaissance, the great voyages, the discovery and invasion of the sunlight. All the flowers of the world, the successful efforts, the deep, inmost beauties, the joyful thoughts and wishes of the planet rose up to us, borne on a shaft of light that, in spite of its heavenly wonder, issued from our own earth. Man ventured forth from the cloister, the crypt, the town of brick and stone, the gloomy stronghold in which he had slept. He went down into the garden, which became peopled with azure, purple and perfumes, opened his eyes, astounded like a child escaping from the dreams of the night; and the forest, the plain, the sea and the mountains and, lastly, the birds and the flowers, that speak in the name of all a more human language which he already understood, greeted his awakening."

It is regrettable that Maeterlinck apparently has not familiarized himself with literature older than the sixteenth century, else he could not have made the grievous mistakes into which he has fallen. It is also to be regretted that he does not take into account the English plant names, for they would have given him all he needed of assurance as to the antiquity of certain common flowers. He tells us, for instance, that the hollyhock came from Syria about the sixteenth century. Now, *hock* is the ancient English name for the common mallow; even if it were not true that the word *hollyhock* occurs in English plant lists from the thirteenth century, it would take no high degree of imagination to see that the *hock* which is called *holy* must have been known in England since the time of the Crusades. Who was it that brought the first seed? Was it a young and ardent knight who

hoped thereby to please his lady? Was it a friar or a monk who brought it almost as a relic to his monastic garden? Was it one of the spoils of the East which the indifferently good but humanly interesting Queen Eleanor brought back with her, or did a russet Darby bring it home to his patient, waiting Joan?

Who can separate the name *snapdragon* from the Middle Ages, with their inherent pageantry? Surely a later date would not suffice. Then, too, it seems self-evident that the flowers of Mary must have been known and named long before the Reformation,—Lady's slipper, Lady's smock, Our Lady's bower, Mary's gold and a host of others. Only in the Middle Ages did the alchemy exist which transmuted *jaune wort* into St. John's-wort.

The Lunarie, or Honesty, or Pope's Money, is much older than the sixteenth century. One finds it mentioned in fourteenth-century lists. The Garden Pink is not of modern date. It occurs in fourteenth-century illuminations. As for the Pansy, the poem, *The Court of Ladies*, written close to the year 1400, is sufficient guarantee for its citizenship before the sixteenth century.

"The Rose, still almost a sweetbriar", says Maeterlinck. What about Dante's great white Rose of the Blessed, amongst the petals of which the angels of God—

"si come schiera d'api, che s'infiora . . .
nel gran fior discendea, che s'adorna
di tante foglie. . . ."¹

"Like to a swarm of bees which plunge into the flower,
ever descended into the great flower
adorned with so many petals."

The single rose, however sweet, has only five petals. Do not all the rose windows in the older cathedrals voice their protest? The poem which enjoyed a popularity of three hundred years and more, had as its centre a rosebud just ready to open, which was surrounded with fresh green leaves and which spread its perfume abroad. Of course I am speaking of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, about which there is little of the drowsiness of the cloister or of the crypt.

¹ *Paradiso*, Canto XXXI, vv. 7-11.

With very little rummaging in plant lists one can reconstruct the garden of the fourteenth century. There would be poppies, red, white and black; broom, chicory, columbine, daisies, primroses, cowslips, buttercups, cyclamen, feverfew, gentian, gladioli, marigolds, St. John's-wort, hollyhocks, honeysuckles, lavender, hepatica, mallows, yarrow, ox-eye daisies white and yellow, periwinkles, rosemary, rue, sage, beebalm, scabiosa, tansy, valerian, cornflowers, lunarie or honesty, iris, lupines, harebells, crocus, vetches, gillyflowers, cockscombs, pansies, violets, forget-me-nots, stonecrop, pinks, anemones, lilies-of-the-valley, roses, lilies, with many mints and other simples, and if French cress is really nasturtium, as the gloss calls it, we have that also. Surely we must not scold if we have not the dahlias, fuchsias, strawberry-geranium and gloxinias. Should one feel that the old-fashioned garden deserves reproach for being old-fashioned?

For shrubbery there are laurel, hawthorn, holly, *agnus castus*, with ivy, woodbine and white clematis or Virgin's bower in between, and the trees especially in favor in English poetry—the oak, elm, maple, sycamore, cedar, juniper, ash, yew, poplar and linden. Is not such a garden a lovely thing in any age?

Where in the literature of the Renaissance do we find more exquisite touches which point to keener observation of nature than Lydgate's hawthorn dressed in white motley, or the trim figure of Chaucer's Alisoun, who knew so well how to dress in black and white that she looked like a pear-blossom? Does the picture of the goldfinch eating the buds and flowers of the medlar tree—that exquisite symphony of golden, green and yellow—which the author of *The Flower and the Leaf* draws, does this prove that more than a century must yet elapse before man discovers the sunlight? Even the moral Gower, who feels that flowers and such trifles are somewhat beneath his dignity, opens his heart to tell us that although January is a savage month, still it gives us the first primrose as an alms. He also paints for us the indignant surprise of one who picks a primrose which has a nettle underneath it.

What can Maeterlinck think of a poet like Froissart who tells how the girls in his home town make garlands of the gooseberry sprays by binding the short-stemmed violets about them; or of an age which could dispute the rival merits of the flower and the leaf, or of the holly and the ivy, as in this rollicking little carol?—

"Nay, nay Iue, it may not be, iwis,
For holly must haue the mastery, as the maner is.

"Holy berith beris, beris rede ynowgh;
The thristilcok, the popyngay, dance in eurey bowgh;

"Welaway, sory ivy, what fowles hast thou
But the sory howlet that syngith 'How-how'?

"Ivy berith beris as blak as any slo,
Ther commeth the woode-coluer, and fedith her of tho:

"Holy with his mery men, they can dance in hall;
Ivy & her jentel women can not dance at all."²

Those of us who love the delicate garden and woodland changes feel akin to Chaucer when he shows the first life in springtime changing the color of the tips of the twigs in coppice and on heath, and to him who sings to Alisoun in the same magic period when the first leaves are breaking open, when spray be-ginneth to spring. Browning's *The Year's at the Spring*, Tennyson's *Blow, Trumpet, for the World is White with May*, Swinburne's *When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's Traces*, Herrick's *Corinna's Maying*, all the choicest tributes to the fresh young life of spring, show no finer appreciation of nature than that dainty round:—

"Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And spring'th the wude nu—
Sing cuccu!"

Would not the English poets of the Middle Ages look with amused surprise at the twentieth-century poet from across the Channel who says that centuries later man first went down into the garden which became peopled with azure, purple and perfumes, and opened his eyes, astounded like a child escaping from the dreams of the night? Could Chaucer sleep in his little erber with anything but an open yë, in the month of May?

² *Sacred Songs and Carols*, E.E.T.S., E.S., CI., p. 116.

Can anything be more delicate than Langland's description of the Incarnation?—when the Plant of Peace had taken flesh of this earth, was never leaf upon linden tree lighter thereafter. What girl would be offended at the enthusiasm of Skelton:—

"My maiden Isabell
Reflaring rosabell
The fragrant camamel;
The ruddy rosary,
The sovereign rosemary,
The pretty strawberry;
The columbine, the nepte,
The jelloffer well set,
The proper violet;
Enuwid your colour
Is like the daisy flower
After April shower."³

Where in literature is the equal of this bouquet of sweet scents? What appreciation of nature does this show?—

"Gardein ways, cumfort of flowres,
So hight my leman; what hight yowres?
That is, Alisson."

Even yet the sweet white flowers bears her name, Sweet Alys-sum. Do we not echo the mediæval poet's praise of London:—

"Gem of all joy, jasper of jocundity,
Most mighty carbuncle of virtue and valour;
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuity;
Of royal cities rose and gillyflower."

"Man ventured forth from the cloister, the crypt, the town of brick and stone, the gloomy stronghold in which he had slept", says Maeterlinck. But how exquisitely the poet dreams of the garden:—

"He came all so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

"He came all so still
To his mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

"He came all so still
Where his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray."⁴

³ *To Maystress Isabell Pennell.*

⁴ *Sloane MS., 2593.*

Is it a mere literary device that makes Malory show the longing for spring in the hearts of mediæval men and women, when he says:—

“In May, when every lusty heart flourisheth and burgeoneth, for as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so men and women rejoice and gladden on summer coming with his fresh flowers.”^a

It is with manifest discipline that I have refrained from mentioning Chaucer's enthusiasm for the daisy. I content myself with asking: Does the whole daisy-literature bear out M. Maeterlinck's statement of the blindness of the Middle Ages towards flowers?

Surely the fact of the growth of legend and of superstition about plants and flowers argues a lack of indifference! Where later do we have stories so exquisite as the lapful of roses of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the roses of St. Joos, the lilies of the murdered child who sang the praises of Mary, the thorn of Glastonbury, the daisies of St. Bridget? Gower tells us the herbs and flowers which have peculiar power in conjunction with certain stars. People of long ago knew that the primrose helped unlock doors and that the houseleek kept a house from being struck by lightning. One of the most ancient of charms in the English language has to do with the magic of herbs. As Chaucer has it:—

“Wo worth that herbe that dooth no bote!”

One day last summer I saw a Japanese laborer at work on the street-car track. He wore an old felt hat which had seen yeoman's service. But in the band he had stuck two magnificent roses. As he saw us looking, he grinned. Why had he so decorated himself? Was it bravado and mockery, or was it because he loved flowers and braved even ridicule to keep them near him? Did not the Somnour wear his huge garland on the Canterbury road for this same reason?

Who will assert that the flowers offered at shrines by devout

^a II, p. 339.

hands in the Middle Ages, or strewn on Whitsunday in the church, or scattered before the Host on Corpus Christi, or brought in in sheaves on May Day, were one whit less beloved than the flowers exhibited in a rose or dahlia show of to-day? As to that, I wonder which one would really enjoy more, being shown about the garden by a head-gardener at Kew or at Versailles, or by the Brother Gardener at Glastonbury?

ROBERT MAX GARRETT.

The University of Washington.

FINIS

Now I have written all—
There is no more, no other thought to come;
And you who found me meaningless and dumb
Shall read; upon each fiery page
Spell out your sacrilege.

And did I say: 'No more'?
Yet there was one mysterious, haunting phrase,
Elusive, faint, about the hidden ways
Of God; sun-phoenix and the west,
A line worth all the rest.

I could not set it down. . . .
Of cruel cities and their multitude
I wrote, and how my craving heart pursued
A phantom, what dark ways I went,
What blood-red coin I spent.

So my too-human skill
Deceives. You read a bitter heart and mind
Because those thrilling words you shall not find;
But when my book's last leaf you bend,
'Finis' is not the end.

G. O. WARREN,

Harvard, Massachusetts.

AN EPIC GENIUS: PAUL ADAM

On January 2, 1920, Paul Adam, the most prolific of French writers, died in his fifty-eighth year. Passionate and impulsive, and possessing a brilliant imagination, he was an apostle of energy and action. Accordingly, he admired the Yankee, whose true strength, he declared, "lies in his devotion to the things of the spirit, but a spirit that is active as well as contemplative". So, too, he was interested in the dynamic features of the Hellenic-Latin civilization of the Mediterranean, especially in France, as the inheritor of that civilization. A patriot, convinced that his country ought to recover its lost provinces, he assailed the pacific complacency of the French government. In literature, he belonged to no school. At first attracted by naturalism, then by symbolism and idealism, he eventually fused the three, creating an imaginative realism with symbolic implications. If certain of his works reveal a mystic tendency, others are mainly pictorial and epic. He recalls Diderot and the encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, sharing their ideology and superstitious faith in the political wisdom of men of letters. Endowed with more genius than talent, he was too often unable to hold his pen in check. His style was capricious and incoherent, but it conveyed the impression of palpitant life.

Born at Paris in 1862, Paul Adam descended from an imperialist family of Arras, in the province of Artois. Several generations earlier his ancestors had intermarried with the Raxi-Flasans, refugees who, after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, had settled in southern France. The last Count of their line, a collaborator of Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna and author of a history of French diplomacy, was a grand-uncle of the novelist. In *La Force* and its sequels, the name appears as Praxi-Blassans. Paul's great-grandfather, who was attached as cavalry officer to the staff of Moreau, fell into disfavor when the victor of Hohenlinden conspired against the First Consul. Yet he afterwards served in the army of Prince Eugene, and lost his life at Wagram. His son, Major Adam, took part in all the campaigns of Napoleon, who, during the Hundred Days, ap-

pointed him officer of the Legion of Honor. He was decorated by Charles X, and, under the July Monarchy, served in the National Guard as colonel, and died in 1860. He would often narrate his adventures to his son, Paul's father, who was postal director under Napoleon III. It was natural, therefore, that Paul should have developed an interest in the history of the Empire and the Restoration, destined to receive expression in his novels.

Yet the boy did not at once decide upon a literary career. He early wished to become a soldier, to be prepared for the reckoning with Germany. As a child he dreamt of Napoleon's victories along the Rhine, and when the downfall of 1870 pushed France back from that boundary, he yearned to be able to assist in the recovery of the lost provinces. Evidently, such a militant temperament belonged in the Army. Owing to the influence of his father, however, he gave up the military calling for that of explorer, only to abandon this in turn for literature. In the end the decision proved fortunate, for his services as officer could hardly have conferred such benefits upon France as his writings.

It was some time, nevertheless, before Adam produced works of national significance. In 1884, the predominant tendencies in literature were naturalism and symbolism. The former, sponsored by Edmond de Goncourt and Zola, inclined to sacrifice thought and ideas to 'reality'. The symbolists, led by Mallarmé, Verlaine, and Jean Moréas, sought rather to express ideas apart from the actual. In both creeds Paul Adam was quick to discern the good. Why not combine, he argued, elements of both?

His first acquaintance in the realm of letters he formed with Robert Caze, a disciple of Edmond de Goncourt, and with Huysmans. At the same time he came under the influence of such symbolists as Moréas and Henri de Régnier. In 1885 appeared his first novel, *Chair molle*, a mediocre experiment in naturalism that roused Sarcey's ire. The following year he founded, with Moréas and Gustave Kahn, a short-lived review, *Le Symboliste*, and published three novels: *Le Thé chez Miranda*, an attempt to portray *salon* life; *Soi*, the story of a virtuous woman; and *La Glèbe*, a study of the peasantry. In the last two,

the naturalistic influence was manifestly being neutralized in the interest of epic idealism. Meanwhile Adam contributed to reviews short stories and essays on literary, social, and political subjects. Several of his novels appeared as serials. In 1888 he published *Etre*, dealing with feudal life in the fourteenth century, and marking a decided advance over his earlier works. Mahaud de Horps, his sorceress heroine, is one of his most impressive characters. The novel, composed in imitation of Flaubert's *Salammbô*, displays Adam's brilliant imagination, his taste for history, and his gift for handling masses and giving to narrative an epic sweep.

At this juncture, Adam made a digression into militant politics. In 1889, General Boulanger had set France ablaze with patriotic zeal. The eyes of his adherents were fixed upon the eastern frontier, the sacred territory which had early fired the imagination of Paul Adam. That young patriot assumed in Lorraine the direction of a political journal, and in September became a socialist-revisionist candidate, favoring a revision of the Constitution that would confer upon the head of the government almost dictatorial power. Beaten at the elections, he was saved for literature. With the year 1889, accordingly, the first period of his work concludes—a period of passionate experiment, unsuccessful because his efforts were not concentrated.

Adam's second period, from 1889 to 1898, is characterized by similar versatility. His industry is attested by twenty-one volumes written in eight years, to say nothing of numerous periodical articles. Instead of returning to the historical novel, Adam at first treated alchemy, a theme that had haunted Balzac. In *L'Essence de Soleil*, his four adventurers who seek supernatural power by means of gold are worthy of the *Human Comedy*. In *Le Vice filial* (1892), the seductive charm of his heroine recalls Mahaud de Horps, and in *Robes Rouges* (1891), his satire on the judiciary, he equals at times the subtle irony of Anatole France.

To this period belong, also, three noteworthy novels dealing with politics and communism. *Le Mystère des Foules* (1894), in two volumes, considers broadly the problems of democracy. Convinced of the incompetence of the masses, Adam would govern through an *élite*, selected by the "*bacheliers*"—men of

letters, artists, officers, scientists, economists, lawyers, magistrates—a suffrage estimated for France at not more than a million. His "*Centurie*", or select Hundred, would be composed of men who had proved their social merit by a written work or an act of genius. This august body he would divide into five groups of twenty each: politicians, specialists in foreign relations, artists, savants, and financiers. The "centurions" would elect the president of the Republic, the cabinet, and the ambassadors. A Senate, elected by the "bachelors", would consist of a hundred magistrates, a hundred officers of the army staff, and a hundred doctors. A socialism of *capacity* should prevail. Like Nietzsche, Adam demanded equality for the equal, and inequality for the unequal. The mere title of his book, *Le Triomphe des Médiocres* (1898), expresses his dissatisfaction with French egalitarian democracy. In denunciation of parliamentary wrangling, he declares: "The republicans, in their absurd anti-clerical campaign, have consumed fruitlessly twenty years of national life." In seeking a cure for the ills of modern society, Adam's fertile imagination conceived various utopian experiments. In *Les Coeurs nouveaux* (1896), he depicted the attempts of an industrial employer to apply the theories of communism. Similarly, in *Lettres de Malaisie* (1898), he portrayed an ideal society destined to develop on the shores of Borneo.

Fortunately, Paul Adam in his third and final period, dating from 1899 to 1920, abandoned social chimeras for the novel of history and action. It is this aspect of his work that will here receive especial consideration.

Already, in his second period, Adam had composed two romances dealing with Byzantine history. He had further composed *La Bataille d'Uhde* (1887), a war novel revealing unusual knowledge of military science, and seeming to forecast, in its picture of a threatened defeat turned into victory, the battle of the Marne. He now published in rapid succession *La Force* (1899), *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz* (1902), *La Ruse* (1903), and *Au Soleil de Juillet* (1903), four novels treating the history of France from the Directory of 1798 to the Revolution of 1830.

La Force opens with the retreat of Jourdan from south Germany during the reverses under the Directory. Its background

includes the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, the establishment of the Consulate, the victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden, the concentration against England at Boulogne, Napoleon's dash toward Vienna, his triumph at Ulm and Austerlitz, followed, in 1806-1807, by his crushing of Prussia at Jena, and Russia at Friedland, his crossing swords again with Austria, after the war in Spain, and his decisive victory at Wagram in 1809. The hero of *La Force* is really Paul Adam's great-grandfather, killed at Wagram, but here called Bernard Héricourt. At the time of Jourdan's retreat, Bernard, a quartermaster in the army of the Rhine, is a young man of large ambition. For bravery in the Black Forest he is promoted to be adjutant, and, granted a furlough, goes to Paris, which he finds in a ferment while Bonaparte is preparing to overthrow the Directory. Factions form and disintegrate. The *salon* of his half-sister Aurélie enables Bernard to keep in touch with events, thanks to her husband Praxi-Blassans and her brother-in-law Cavois. Both promise him their influence, but doubt who will be the dispenser of favor. Bonaparte proves successful as First Consul, and Bernard, now a lieutenant in the army of Moreau, marches through Baden and Wurtemberg, and in the first engagement wins a captaincy and a woman's heart, but later is haunted by the image of his blonde victim.

After Hohenlinden, Bernard pays court to Moreau at his country estate, which has become the centre of opposition to the First Consul. The general's adherents urge him to assert himself. Before he can do so he is arrested, but escapes to America. Bernard, meanwhile, having married the daughter of a colonel, spends his honeymoon at his father-in-law's château in Lorraine, and seeks reinstatement in the army, from which he has been dropped as a partisan of Moreau. In this he is assisted by another half-sister, Caroline, the business mind of the family, who enjoys favor through her prosperous trade in grain, leather, and coal; by Augustin, his younger half-brother, who is serving under Oudinot; and by Caroline's husband, Cavois, at the Foreign Office, who has secured the appointment of Junot as ambassador to Portugal. Junot, already obligated to Bernard's family for army supplies, will use his good offices with Na-

oleon. As a result, Bernard's command is restored to him, and the family fortunes improve, Caroline's business expanding under the Continental Blockade. When war with Austria and Russia has been decreed, Bernard enters Strasbourg and advances through Bavaria toward Vienna. Yet he is downcast, for he would equal Napoleon and suffers from an unjust reprimand administered by that rival. At Austerlitz, however, when he breaks the enemy's line, he regains favor and is made a colonel, and with his wife celebrates the victory in a neighboring château.

The remainder of the novel gives a fragmentary account of succeeding events up to the battle of Wagram, during which Bernard is struck down by a cannon-ball. As he lies dying, he still is piqued by jealousy of Napoleon, the "Rival", who has triumphed indeed. Yet Bernard will live on in his son, Omer, begotten in the château at Austerlitz.

Such is *La Force*, a novel that recreates with unusual vividness one of the most important periods of French history. Adam has here indicated in telling strokes the rallying of the nation to the leadership of Napoleon, the fusing of the provinces into a united people, and the social and intellectual movements of the time. In particular he has rendered the poetry and the horror of war. Indeed, in portraying a charge, only Hugo, Zola, and Paul Margueritte are his equals.

With *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz* Paul Adam continued *La Force*, depicting the period of discontent, pessimism, and inconsistency following the overthrow of the Empire. The "Child of Austerlitz", Omer, expresses in his own person these tendencies. His devout mother insists that he consecrate his life to the Church. His great-grandfather, called the "ancestor", relies upon Freemasonry as an international organization to establish true fraternity throughout the world, a secret alliance rapidly sapping the Emperor's power, compelling Sweden to accept Bernadotte, and securing the allegiance of Prussia and Russia. Omer's grandfather and his uncle Edme waver between the Empire and a republic. Another uncle, Praxi-Blassans, though at heart a royalist, changes diplomatically with the wind. Only Caroline, Augustin, and the latter's wife Malvina support

Napoleon, but Caroline is too engrossed in big business to talk politics, and Augustin's time is claimed by military affairs.

From the Russian campaign of 1812, on which Malvina has accompanied Augustin, she brings news of disaster. Yet, after the French victories in Germany, the following summer, she regains hope. The defeat at Leipsic, however, confirms the "ancestor's" predictions. Nevertheless, it consoles her to learn that Moreau, whom the Grand Orient had selected to govern France, has been killed in the battle. Moreau's successor, it is rumored, will be either Bernadotte or his son. As for the Bourbons, they are disliked by Alexander of Russia, yet eventually they are 'put over' by Talleyrand and Praxi-Blassans, who bribe the Senate.

One consolation for the return of the Bourbons is the abolition of the Continental Blockade. Peace bids fair to revive arts and letters, although there is dissatisfaction among the veterans, and class antagonism grows bitter. On Napoleon's return from Elba, Lyrisse and Edme, now confirmed adherents of the Emperor, are overjoyed. The astute Caroline, however, has lent "Monsieur" a million francs during his flight to Ghent, certain of his ultimate success.

The aftermath of Waterloo intensifies reaction. For refusing to salute the white flag, Lyrisse is put on half-pay. Edme, in league with the Italian Carbonari, spreads propaganda in Greece and Spain, and plans to rescue Napoleon from Saint Helena. Augustin, however, has rallied to the Restoration. He is loyal not to the ruler but rather to the country. As for Omer, he feels more keenly than ever the severity of his teachers, the Jesuits, yet, to oblige his mother, agrees to study for the priesthood.

With the assassination of the Duc de Berry in 1820, the royalists are aroused, and with the death of Napoleon in the next year, the imperialists are left disconsolate. Lyrisse and Edme affiliate with the Spanish liberals. Augustin, loyal to the throne, is promoted to be a general, and after the death of his wife marries Omer's sister Denise, causing Édouard to enter monastic life. For, Praxi-Blassans, in order to hold the royal favor, insists that the family train at least one servant for the

Church, and refuses to take Omer's vocation seriously. Omer, in fact, is studying law as a side-issue, but continues unhappy. In despair he would throw restraint to the winds, yet he knows this to be folly. At the end of the book, he goes humbly toward the house of God. But will he remain there? His history as portrayed in *La Ruse*, covering the years 1827-1828, affords a partial answer.

In this sequel, the third of the tetralogy, France appears as unsettled as the hero's mind. Sedition smoulders beneath the surface. Even Praxi-Blassans and Chateaubriand flirt with the liberals. To the boast of a reactionary that "We have numbers in the faithful and strength in the Holy Alliance; what is left for the Jacobins and the Carbonari?" Omer replies: "*La Ruse*—craft, guile". It is by craft that Omer seeks to solve the question of his vocation, his marriage, and his debts. The end, he thinks, justifies the means. He will practise law, although pretending to defer his decision to do so. He even journeys to Rome, as if to consult high dignitaries of the Church, but in reality to meet Carbonari agitators. The problem of his debts is more complex. His devout mother gives everything to charity, and Denise, his sister, will some day withdraw her support. The uneasiness of his creditors scandalizes Praxi-Blassans, who has been raised to the peerage. Shall Omer seek a rich father-in-law? To play a political rôle, he will need a *salon*. Elvire, his mother's 'angel', would be admirable for this purpose. Yet he prefers Dolorès, the choice of Denise. In his dilemma the Child of Austerlitz once more curses Fate, but eventually duty triumphs over passion. He takes Elvire.

In *Au Soleil de Juillet*, the fourth and last of this series, Paul Adam narrates the events of the years 1829-1830. Political unrest has grown apace. The Grand Orient and revolutionary agitators are preparing an uprising. Prominent among liberals of the opposition are La Fayette, Casimir-Périer, Étienne Arago, General Lamarque, and Laffitte, the banker friend of Caroline Cavois. Especially outspoken is Count Dubourg, a former royalist, who brands the Bourbons as "infamous rascals". Though at heart a republican, Dubourg is not without imperialist leanings. Like millions of Frenchmen, he regards

Napoleon, in spite of his tyranny, as a liberal. Charles X, to cope with the menace, tries alternately a reactionary Ministry and a semi-liberal one, and sends an expedition against Algiers, under command of Augustin Héricourt.

As for the Child of Austerlitz, his situation has improved. Happily married to Elvire, who has borne him a son, he is kept busy pleading cases for prosecuted liberals. Caroline, who is affiliated with the Laffitte banking house, frowns upon anarchy. Her son has become an industrial chemist, and Delphine de Praxi-Blassans is a nun. Edme Lyrisse, still disgruntled, has definitively rejected the proposal of Omer's mother that their château be restored to its former owner. Omer's conversations with his Jesuit cousin are very interesting. Édouard is an ardent exponent of the theory that the masses must be won to religion by modern miracles. The Church should attract savants. "Ah!" he exclaims, "what might not an intelligent Pope have accomplished if he had accorded the purple of the cardinal to Laplace, Dulong, Davy, Dalton, and Thénard!" Not content to have established at a convent courses in science, the zealous young monk is raising funds to found a monastery for research—plans interrupted by the July Revolution.

The revolt is precipitated by the attempt of Charles X to rule by ordinances without Parliament. Armed bands, after capturing the City Hall, concentrate against the Louvre, which soon capitulates. La Fayette and Dubourg, who take charge, desire a republic, but are overruled. Since Napoleon II is a prisoner at Schönbrunn, the prominent bourgeois prefer a monarchy under Louis-Philippe. During the street fighting, Omer Héricourt, unwilling to risk his life, welcomes a slight wound, which enables him to retire in safety. How different from his father! So ends the tetralogy.

The three sequels of *La Force* depict with a wealth of detail the history of France from 1810 to 1830, reflecting the broad currents that formed the national life. They are entertaining rather than interpretative, but they gain thereby in vividness. Paul Adam is seldom sternly tragic. Few of his scenes grip the reader's emotions. Rather, they evoke curiosity and admiration. Now, Adam, in these histories, is an optimist, with a tendency

to idealize. Hence the tearful lamentations of his hero sound strained. The "*mal du siècle*," as Musset termed it, instead of producing vacillating mediocrities like this, tended to drive its victims to despair. The false note in Adam's hero sounds a discord in all three romances, and is responsible for their inferiority to *La Force*. It should be remembered, also, that the declining Empire and the Restoration were not lacking in passions and ideals that were noble.

Superior to the hero are Adam's minor characters. M. Héricourt, the most original, appears only in *La Force*, a blind old man, a tyrannical master, unjustly reproaching his children, but typifying the energy of Revolutionary France. Not unlike her father is "Aunt" Caroline, whose business acumen and capacity for work have made the family a power to be reckoned with. Caroline's son, Diudonné, a utilitarian, is representative of the unworthy bourgeoisie who made the most of the long peace under Louis-Philippe to enrich themselves. Excellently drawn is the calculating Praxi-Blassans, whose chameleon allegiance adapts itself to any *régime*. His admonitory letter to Omer in *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz*, setting forth the political policy necessary for the family, is the author's masterpiece of satire. Equally memorable as a personage is the "Ancestor", whose Masonic zeal never flags. Finest of all are the Jesuits, astute, resourceful, stern yet indulgent, and penetrating to the depths of human nature. Vying with Adam's skill in characterization is his talent for producing an effect of reality by the use of precise and minute circumstances. His scenes and people, and the latter's words and deeds, sentiments and thoughts, are represented with graphic fidelity in their every detail.

But historical fiction was not the only domain ruled by Adam. He was master of the novel of action, in which field, after Balzac, only Maurice Barrès could approach him. In *Le Trust* (1910), above all, Adam showed his prowess. This study of modern economic life displays in their complexity the institutions and manners of two peoples. It evokes the multiple aspects of creative genius and collective energy, and evolves a philosophy of industrial labor.

America is the home of trusts. Where but in the wonderland of the Carnegies and the Rockefellers, or the brain of a romancer, could a policeman become an industrial power of first magnitude? Nothing less happens in Adam's novel. Thus Joe Clamorgan, thanks to the tips he has received for helping elderly ladies across Third Avenue, and his later investments, directs from his twenty-three story office-building the affairs of the Electric Standard, a trust with affiliations in five continents. Besides controlling railroads and steamship-lines, this organization seeks to acquire a monopoly of water-power, that it may utilize for traction and manufactures the electricity so generated. Competitors are either put out of business or compelled to amalgamate with the Electric Standard. Among Clamorgan's lieutenants are such ambitious engineers as Pucton, of Indianapolis, and Sammy, of Detroit, who, eager for experience and responsibility, have as mere boys left comfortable homes to carve their fortunes. They first appear with their traction-engine on the exploitations in Cuba. Then, having secured credit, they obtain the concession for a canal in the Alleghenies, where the Electric Standard is constructing factories. Before long the trust sends Sammy to the French Alps as inspector of its installations, and Pucton to Egypt. Energy, decision, action, are the watchwords of these adventurers. The masses, too, are all for the trusts, according to Adam, who affirms that "Merchant, cowboy, or tramp, the American is devoted to trusts as a special sign of the splendid national energy".

From the Yankees, however, the Latins differ in temperament. Opposed to Clamorgan as a French protagonist is Manuel Héricourt, grandson of the Child of Austerlitz, cherishing as a family heritage his Franco-Cuban industries at Los Dados. By harnessing the water from mountain lakes, and applying electricity to industry and agriculture, he has rendered prosperous an impoverished region. When, however, the metallurgical products of the Franco-Cuban electric furnaces threaten to drive American competitors from the markets of Mexico and South America, Clamorgan sends his son Jim to look into the matter and effect an amalgamation.

Héricourt is now placed in charge of the Electric Standard's interests in the Alleghenies, where he succeeds with the coöperation of the daring Jumillac in foiling the machinations of a triple league of trusts—the Westinghouse, the Knickerbocker, and the Amalgamated. He proposes the culture of cotton in Egypt, a plan which coerces the cotton-trust of New Orleans into an alliance with the Electric Standard; and he fails only in organizing industry in the French Alps, where the inhabitants, imbued with "Latin particularism", and incited by German emissaries, stubbornly oppose the trust.

Despite this one check, the achievements of Héricourt "the civilizer" are those not merely of the promoter and speculator, but of the artist. Clamorgan criticizes good-naturedly what he terms the over-developed æsthetic sense of the French, their leaning toward sensibility rather than action. He believes that industrial concerns have the right to sacrifice the life of the individual for the benefit of the many; and Héricourt's unscrupulous assistant Jumillac shares this view. Says Jumillac: "Some must be sacrificed without hesitation to the future well-being of all. We must slay in order to create." Héricourt perceives that this is what his forebears have done. Pity for the present should yield to pity for the future. Associated with the trust is the growth of riches and prosperity for the greatest number.

This industrial philosophy is supplemented by a philosophy of races implicit throughout Adam's novel. To the Latin genius for civilization must be added the Northern genius for industrial organization through action. Herein lies the significance of the juxtaposition of Héricourt and Clamorgan, the civilizer and the promoter. Eventually the two temperaments, French and American, harmonize. The understanding comes about through their sharing a common peril. When the Electric Standard's installations in the French Alps are threatened with destruction, the hitherto hostile inhabitants are moved to deeds of heroism to avert disaster. Thus the novelist suggests that the French are not averse to the materialistic, provided it appeal to the emotions.

The sympathetic consideration accorded to American ideals by Paul Adam in *Le Trust* was but the crystallization of earlier convictions. Having visited the United States during our Uni-

versal Exposition of 1904, he had published a book entitled *Vues d'Amérique*. In the main these views were even too flattering, recalling at times Madame de Staël's naïve enthusiasm for Germany. Here Adam contrasted young, buoyant, and self-confident America with timid and weary France, wasting her declining vitality in sterile political antagonisms. He declared that the projects of our financiers, steel and copper kings, oil magnates, and wizards of the packing industry, would frighten cautious French speculators out of their wits. He lamented that so often the superior inventive genius of the French should serve only foreign countries. He extolled our manners, the purity of our home life, the sobriety and frugality of our working-classes, and the spirit of democracy according respect to rich and poor and to all creeds and crafts alike. The Yankee he found deficient in the wiles of the seducer and not called upon to combat the ardors of the Latin temperament. Hence the frank comradeship of the sexes in our schools and colleges. In spite of the frequency of divorce among us, he noted that the American lives for marriage. He was impressed by our passion for education, and the encouragement it received from philanthropists. He admired, also, our fondness for athletic sports, praising the equestrian skill of our women, and showing in *Le Trust* Jim Clamorgan, the golf champion, convinced that "a people unable to win at football is incapable of the solidarity necessary for controlling the empire of business". Adam further was enthusiastic over the originality of our architecture, finding in it a new and characteristic type of art. A few features only of American life he deplored or exaggerated—the devotion of the women to shopping, the reliance of the people on clairvoyants and fortune-tellers, their fondness for queer sects, and their tolerance of an inferior press, which except for a few newspapers like the *New York Times* and the *Post* would scarcely interest a French boy of fifteen.

Apart from these strictures and his deprecation of President Roosevelt, whom he regarded as a shallow pretender, inferior to such French statesmen as Poincaré, Clemenceau, Deschanel, and Millerand,—Paul Adam praised America without stint, extolling not only our manners, education, social

institutions, and industrial instinct, but especially our aptitude for putting thought into action.

It remains to say a word of Adam's later works. Notable among these are *La Ville inconnue* (1911), a masterly portrayal of French colonial efforts in Africa, *La Littérature et la Guerre* (1916), an eloquent essay dealing with the annals of mankind from the earliest times to the present, and *Reims dévastée* (1920), published posthumously, a great prose poem to the Latin genius which knows how to endure as well as to conquer. Adam, in 1898, had exhorted the French to retake their lost provinces, and ten years later he wrote in *La Morale de la France*:—

"It is our duty to do this, for our nation and our national culture must hold place among the ruling races of the globe through its material as well as its spiritual energy."

Small wonder that an eye-witness of the entry of the French army into Strasbourg shortly before Adam's death should describe him as radiant with joy at that spectacle. He had in fact planned a cycle of romances dealing with the world war.

Paul Adam gave expression to the time in which he lived, a period of transformation facing toward the future. He responded to whatever was distinctive and dominant in the age. At first a naturalist, then a symbolist, he became an idealist, ordering and controlling a wide range of facts to illustrate his conceptions. His works eloquently embody his opinions upon a wide variety of subjects, but especially upon the history, manners, and politics of his people, their beliefs and aspirations. Though he tried his hand at drama, it is in the realm of fiction that he excelled. Above all, it is his magnificent tetralogy, a *tour de force* of the imagination, that will perpetuate his name. This it is which ranks him as one of the great writers of France, and the foremost historical romancer of his generation. No wonder, then, that Marcel Prévost and certain other Immortals have voiced their regret at the failure of the Academy to include him in its membership. While the Academy hesitated, Paul Adam died. He, too, is now an Immortal.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

Indiana University.

WHERE THE SIRES OF NATURE HIDE

The best place I know of to watch the pre-migratory habits of birds is an old cranberry bog encircled by thick wet woods. In the mystery of it the very spirit of the migration seems to dwell. Here is the heart of wildness, but near enough to houses for an oriole to startle in. A part of the bog literally floats, for there used to be a small lake there which people still living remember; and many other parts one can make quake and gurgle for yards around as he flounders across. It is a marsh several acres in area, upheld by roots, piled deep with sphagna mosses, and overgrown with long, shaggy grass. Every here and there the mud is exposed, and there is water enough at the surface to float the golden bladderwort; at intervals, miniature pond-holes big enough for the stocky yellow lilies to come in. Out of the slime crawl huge gray turtles that sometimes appear centuries old. In the drier portions flourish sundew and arrowhead, and pitcher plants in profusion. Through the middle flows a broad sluggish ditch which has the qualities of both growth and decay conspicuously blended in the waste surroundings; on the still surface of its backwaters duckweed mantles; while along the tiny shores of its sylvan outlet below, dapper fleeting warblers will sometimes stay to drink and bathe.

The whole swamp is a place of prodigious vitality. Things hardly cease to grow there; once in, they never die out; one finds them there year after year, generation after generation, as if for all time. The arethusas that the oldest inhabitant of the town used to hunt for in the Mays of her girlhood are still cherished and gathered by her descendants, although the flowers remember what most men have forgotten, and are scarcest where the lake was formerly. Here in this swamp climes even overlap. Dozens of plants that luxuriate on the low barrens of Cape Breton thrive also in this swamp on the southern border of Massachusetts. The creeping snowberry vine is native to it; the prettily whorled bunch-berry gleams as cheerily in certain nooks there as in the mountains; the massed grey-green and shell-pink of the northern andromeda, stiff to the touch as if

frozen, arrest the early wanderer's eye. One could fancy that the boreal growths he finds were remnants from the days of polar ice carrying out of their original habitat certain embryonic germs of the north. Here nature teems. Her fecundity is exhaustless and multiform. Everywhere there is free and lusty generation of all things. But things gross and rotting are kept from being repellent by the attractiveness of vigor or the fascination of natural corruption. About life in the swamp there is no trace of lewdness, no violation, no shame. The blend of fair and foul is striking; the dissolution, whence is the issue of all life, less covert than elsewhere; the genesis of life out of death, revealed. Beauty, both fragile and sturdy, the swamp shows to be but the outward manifestation of intense vitality. Everything shoots, when summer has fully come, with a startling rankness. There is something very potent about a fertility that will send a swamp wild rose or azalea towering into blossom through and above thicket tanglery so that a man has to look up at it. Just as beneath the shades within, there is something that the swamp alone can show about a flower, like the *habenaria*, which develops only by means of leaf-screened sunshine and then, after patiently biding its time, comes out a lovely spire of delicate flowers, exquisite in texture, fringing, and fragrance, and of a lucent pale amethyst sunset pink. What a thrill it gives to sight one stately spike after another, each solitary, a torch of steady seraph flame over the jungle of royal ferns and other greenery of the forest floor! It makes one think of what Gissing said:—

“Nature, the great Artist, makes her common flowers in the common view; no word in human language can express the marvel and loveliness of what we call the vulgarest weed, but those are fashioned under the gaze of every passer-by. The rare flower is shaped apart, in places secret, in the Artist's subtle mood; to find it is to enjoy the sense of admission to a holier precinct. Even in my gladness I am awed.”

But perhaps it is in the shadow of the woods edging the open swamp which allure one on—

“To the forest's dark heart down a dappled glade,”

that the mystery of the old swamp is most strongly felt,—a mystery anticked in strange bits of life there, an orange toadstool gleaming out from under the evergreens, the eerie, strange-world look of hawk youngsters staring down over the side of their bulk of a nest, the suggestion as of Chinese grotesque in the head streaking of some black and white warbler seen at a strange angle, or the spectre-start of unfolding poplar buds amid the universal greening around.

Spring comes to the swamp late. Down there she very, very slowly takes her place, and day by day and week by week wins her sure, if gradual, victory over winter, returning leisurely with the ripe wisdom, it would seem, born of many centuries of experience with the discouragements and rebuffs of untimely weather, to which the swamp, of all places, is most incident. To watch the manikin ground-forest grow from a sparsity in which each individual plant is distinct into a riotous maze of inseparable green things,—that is pure delight. In May the beauty of the wood effect is largely due to the hoary violet of boughs, treetops, and shadows that can be discerned far within the fretwork of tiny new leaves. Even later, on still days of rainy springs, one can yet see the whole forest in the pools collected at the roots of the trees. When the foliage is at full tide, the effect of density in the woods is in part due to the lower leaves on the undergrowth which later thin out. To realize the extent of the growth of late spring and summer one has only to mark how completely hidden in July and August growing things are which, two months before, were conspicuous. Spring's charm in unfolding leaf and peeping flower is as strong in the swamp, her freshness and daintiness all the more striking for juxtaposition with so much that is still winter—dead or inertly alive. This glint of vivid new life over bog and bough heightens the effect of the secularly old that changes not with the generations and which at this open season of the year the eye can sense and peer into as it cannot in summer. I do not know whether the brooding imagination delights more to fill out with the leaves and flowers and growth to come the free spaces then that surprise an eye accustomed to midsummer's imperiousness of foliage; or to penetrate the wilderness of obscura-

tion later to the mystery which it contains; or in autumn to gaze through the serried trunks in unending rank and file to the purples and greys of bare branches showing above a thinning remnant of brilliant color below, and to think of all the growth and hidings of the year behind. At any rate, spring in the swamp is uncharacteristically rich in reminiscence and comes as redolent of memories as autumn. One is always being reminded of other seasons. The water in its forest pools is often dark wine-color,—the color under the sounding-board of Jack's pulpit,—as if stained with the scarlet and crimson leaves of autumn. There is a faint replica and blend of the high color of autumn and the sombre hues of winter in the diaphanous ruddiness, burnt orange, and mauve that the tender shoots of spring take on in their developing.

And spring, having once come, lingers longest there. If one is late in arriving, the swamp will be his place of hope for finding some fern still unfurling and the latest flower of its kind. There he can find "the flowers withering in sheltered places of which Dionysus knew"; now they are azalea, now blackberry blossoms, now rose pogonia. Spring flowers fade most slowly there: cowslips,—golden splashes of them like sunshine distilled into flower at the roots of the forest,—and violets sometimes wait for the moccasin flowers and even later ones; and orchids which, when finally developed, seem to wait longest for the ministration of their propagating insects, appear almost undying. Perhaps it is less that the flowers last so much longer there, than that they show more individuality about their time of blooming—some early, some late. In the swamp, too, one is sure to come upon stray rarities, sooner or later,—the golden-winged warbler, the long-looked-for orchid, the frontier colony of climbing fern. Whoever can really know all that there actually is in the swamp? Search as carefully as he may and feel as sure as he can that he has discovered everything, surprises are still in store for him. This inexhaustibleness is one of its fascinations. The unexpectedness of nature-troves is always an element in their charm. Here belated migrant warblers comrade each other in little flocks even into the summer, and forget in congenial fellowship the instinct that set them wandering and the ways of

all their kind in the spring. Here the most northern stragglers of southern birds, like the chat, or the most southern lingerers of northern birds, like the Canadian warbler, may chance to nest. Summer is here late in reaching its prime and no one knows when it lapses into autumn. The shiny gold-thread leaf that embroiders the ground of the inner swamp woods simply grows deeper and deeper green as the season advances.

The most typical flowers of the swamp are pink lady's-slippers and bladderwort, sundew and pitcher-plants, and the rarer orchids. Perhaps the arethusa for its varied suggestiveness, and the azalea for other characteristics, are peculiarly the flowers of the swamp. Both, like the dainty white violet, have the wild pungent fragrance that most belongs to it. The strange, grotesque, fascinating beauty of the rose purple arethusas start the imagination, like the swamp itself, now in one direction, now in another: in fading and drooping to the fall I have seen some of the sun-weary ones that took all the postures of pointed pinions, then in the fresh pert flowers, devilish archness and horns, in a crooked, leaning one, a satyrish leer; in profile, the ears all alert, and thrust-out tongue, of some rogue; an opening bud, like the fingers of an arched hand slowly drawing apart with only a crevice showing. But the azalea's heavy odor, with its tang of the acrid earth, is the fragrance of the swamp, far more than that of the partridge-berry blossom with which the earth within the woods is at the same time in many places all snuggle-starred,—that fragrance of arbutus and new-mown hay combined, the pure breath of full summer in the open. And the drip of withered azalea blossom puts one in mind of the unnoisome decay always going on in the swamp, an essential element in its unifying blend of backward and forward, strays and loiterers,—life, half-life, and death.

At the edge the woods are open, cut into with inroads and channels of the wetter swamp. The trees there are for the most part maples, which in autumn first and most gorgeously respond "to the wandering frostfire along the highways of leaf, that mysterious breath whose touch is silent flame"; and tamaracks, especially loved at that time in spring when they are all studded with tufts of fresh tender needles by roving

bands of goldfinches rollicking in song. These trees recede from the inlets of swamp which interrupt the border with picturesque 'intacks' up into the deeper woods less grassy and mossier the deeper they go. The tufted loosestrife there decks with gold globes of minute flower the salvage of lush, taller greenery wherever some subsidence of water allows it to come in. The cup-shaped, moss-bottomed hollows hidden there between the denser thickets,—

"Where little things with beating hearts,
Hold shining eyes between the leaves,"

are steeped in sunshine. Fringed orchids light with their torches of snow-white flower the dim arcades beyond, and the parula warbler sometimes nests in the pendent bunches of usnea moss overhead. Winter lingers longest in this border, which is all flooded and brown long after the look of summer has come into the rest of the woods. The growing supremacy of summer in the 'bosage', as I call this swampy fringe of the great woods, is marked by the increasing profusion of the lovely small marsh ferns that push up all over the root crests and spongy promontories of moss until the ground along the margin of the woods is all a-wave and a-crinkle and a-spray with them, pulsing crisp and cool to the eye. This plummy maze of fern is synonymous with summer there, for it is quickly laid low by driving rains and quickest to brown under influence of drought or frost. The marsh fern's tissue is peculiarly sensitive to the light. Like dandelions, these ferns take their expression from the day. What more beautifully visualizes infinity than one of these ferny vistas, dappled with the sunlight that flakes through the strata of boughs, frond after frond in endless succession, each frondlet edged with innumerable needle points all shimmering off under the woodland's intermittent glamor of light? As September comes into its own,—or earlier, forward seasons,—the characteristic view in the bosage is down one of these fern-glades, upon some droop of autumn-fired foliage burning against the shadows within, or upon a graceful sapling hung with those lovely scarlet berries of the mountain holly then all bloomed over with a bluish purple darkling them strangely in harmony

with the forest glooms. The gem color of the swamp is dark rich red like these, or that of the baneberries deep in the green, or the pure deep blue of Clintonia berries, fern-scented, and turning during July from green through the white of porcelain to rich Prussian blue.

Deeper within, crowns of the dark green deep wood fern-Dryopteris spinulosa billow, tip to tip, in serried ranges, seemingly for miles under those shadowy canopies of leaf. The goldsmith sunbeams, that will pierce even these deeper shades, chase the leaf sprays upon which they happen to fall with fine tracing of highest light. The *chiaroscuro* of the woods, its lovely arabesque of sunlight and shadow, is varied with every kind of leaf, according to its shape and texture, and different again hourly according to the position of each individual leaf in relation to the sun. And breeze makes the effects myriad. The beauty of the forested swamp is for the most part in masses and contrast of color rather than in form; generally the foliage is so dense as to admit of appreciation of beauty of form only in details. Down through those caverns of foliage the wind, turbulent in the tree-tops, comes only with its rush and revel muffled, with the softened roar of distant surf. Dense as they are though, the woods are not so much dark as shadowy, except under the pines where the moccasin flowers grow, or in the midst of the closest stands of cedar. To realize how light the woods normally are, one has only to see them in the gloaming when they stand dim against a glowing sunset sky, or to heed half-warily, through the momentarily darkening aisles of elfin green gloom, the light in some vast eye of crimson off to the northwest solemnly withdrawing. Such hours in the twilight, which folds the woods' mystery, or in the dawning, which enlarges it, when some morn one happens upon the woods so spiritually pure after rain as to make the heart beat faster and wake the soul to see, are the hours of highest poetry in the woods. The weird chiming of the veery, wild, deep, aspiring,—that sweet rough song of the woods mating earth and sky,—is the very voice of such hours. Ordinarily, the stillness of basking sunshine and musing shadow prevails. The vivid green shadow-mottled *algae* filming through the glassy pools there are motionless through all storms and

changes of weather outside. Only the stir of the life of insect or water at their bottom moves them. Ravages of fire and wind by which these woods have been stricken are as submerged in the prevalent beauty of peace and calm there as are the scars of tempest in that of the hills above. Finding a sparrow's nest confidently placed beside a tussock of grass not an inch above the gathering of rain unprecedentedly flooding the swamp some wet spring, or thinking of even tinier sitters braving the rude buffets and deluge of terrific thunder-storms, impresses one with the imperturbability of all life in nature.

Notwithstanding that all this life is an intense individualism centering about the male and female to the perpetuation of their kind,—a riot of growth, development, generation, with no consideration for the next alongside, still it is all mysteriously combined into a harmony in which our senses find delight, our souls rest and inspiration. About all the struggle in nature there seems to be no enmity. Lives in nature, all indifferent to each, each set on its own advancement alone, are individually irresponsible to us, but collectively tonic, comradely, spiritually uplifting.

In "the tense germinating silence of green things" everywhere surrounding one, he realizes that the swamp is a place so instinct with the quiet insistence of life as to be practically timeless. A sense of the eternal is an element in every deep experience with nature. It is hard to realize that it ever has been or ever will be different from what it is now. While in its presence it is almost impossible to recall its very different aspect even at a season's remove. Beside the laws perdurably working there, human affairs,—war, business, passion,—seem insignificant and ephemeral indeed.

"Down in yon watery nook
Where bearded mists divide
The grey old gods whom chaos knew,
The sires of nature hide."

LOUIS BLISS GILLET.

New York

A PROTOTYPE OF TENNYSON'S ARTHUR

"Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,
The passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the sun in heaven?

He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color."

Guinevere's opinion of Arthur, as expressed to Lancelot, results from a feeling shared by most readers; we hardly wonder that she fails in affection for this remote abstraction. Arthur is always vague, dim, unreal; too much an embodiment of the virtues, too inimitably ideal. "He is more godlike", says Henry van Dyke, "than it becomes a man to be." His brightness is not warmth. Contrasted with the authentic humanity of other epic heroes his characterization suffers greatly: and this lack of 'body' in Arthur's being constitutes a real defect in the companionableness of the *Idylls*.

Tennyson's failure to humanize Arthur cannot be attributed to the outlines of the character as presented in the *Morte Darthur*. In Malory's version Uther's son is vague enough, to be sure, but no more so than the conventional hero of mediæval romance; but in the transition Arthur, so far as he has reality at all, is largely Tennyson's own conception. And limited as was the laureate's ability in the portrayal of character, he must surely have made of the king, had he so determined, something more real, more heroic, more befitting the central figure of an epic poem.

Why, then, is Arthur thus inadequately drawn? Is the weakness inherent in the poet's conception? And, if so, what inspired this conception?

The answer, I believe, is suggested by a passage near the close of Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*, as it appears in the volume of 1842, where the poet pictures himself as seeing in a dream the reappearance of—

"King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried
'Arthur is come again; he cannot die.'

Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated, 'Come again, and thrice as fair';
And further inland, voices echoed—'Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.'"

The late Stopford Brooke makes the brief comment upon this passage that "the recoming of Arthur is the recoming of Christ in a wider and fairer form".¹ He does not note, however, the equivalence of Arthur to Christ, as a leader come to establish a new order, the champion of the downtrodden and oppressed, the embodiment of justice, the exemplar of truth and honor and personal righteousness. Not merely in the general outlines of the character does Arthur remind us of Christ. Practically every important event in his career, as Tennyson pictures it, can be paralleled in the life of Jesus. The corresponding scenes in the New Testament narrative will at once suggest themselves when we recall the principal incidents in the career of Arthur.

He came into the world a child of mystery. There are two accounts of his birth, the natural and the supernatural. The generally accepted view, as related to King Leodogran by Bellisent, was that Arthur was the child of Uther and Ygerne. But there was "another tale"—that he was not the natural son of Uther, but a child who, in that wild night of storm when the old king died, according to Bleys, came borne—

" . . . down the wave and in the flame
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!'"

Following his birth there comes a long period of silence, a stretch of years in which we are told nothing of the young king. Under the care of Merlin, he grew up, we are to imagine, like any normal, healthy boy. Of the youth in this period of preparation we catch only one glimpse. The incident is narrated in *Lancelot and Elaine* of how Arthur,—

"Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,"
came upon a cluster of bright stones, the crown—
"Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside,"

¹ Stopford Brooke: *Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, p. 131.



left by one that "once was king". With this discovery came a prophetic gleam, the first realization of his life-work. He—

"Heard murmurs, 'Lo, thou likewise shalt be king';"

and the unselfishness that actuated all his later career found its first expression in the resolve that this treasure, whereupon he had "chanced divinely", should be "the kingdom's, not the king's".

Coming to his throne, at the beginning of his public career, Arthur was granted the sign and seal of divine approval. There was given him "from out the bosom of the lake" the magic sword, Excalibur, the symbol of power, without which could be wrought none of his mighty works. And in the presence of his court he stood revealed, for one moment, when—

"Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert and azure, in three rays
One falling upon each of three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne,"

and who should "help him at his need".

But his mission was not to be accomplished through himself alone. He gathered about him a band of followers, and strove to inculcate in them, by precept and example, the ideals of the kingdom he had come to establish. The principles enunciated by Arthur were strange and new, much at variance with the old order of things, based not upon conventional standards but breathing the spirit of justice and right-dealing. His knights were—

". . . . sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

Their motto, as expressed by young Gareth, was to—

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king."

They beheld him in his court administering justice in behalf of the humble and helpless; they followed him over the land and aided in his wars against the heathen; and they themselves were sent out on various missions of mercy as his representatives.

Thus Arthur set up his kingdom, and began his battle against the forces of evil. But he was doubted, misrepresented, opposed. Even his own followers understood him imperfectly. They carried out his commands, yet failed to grasp the spiritual significance of the task, and comprehended his ideals but vaguely. Many sought personal advancement only, and began to "follow wandering fires".

And one was to prove a traitor. The king foresaw that his ideals must fail of immediate and permanent realization: he predicted the dispersal of this "fairest company of knights"; and long before the blow fell Arthur knew that the end must come, and set his face toward it resolutely. Led by Modred, the forces of evil and corruption accomplished the overthrow of his kingdom, the dispersal of his followers, the defeat of his purposes. The last sad days came, when Arthur, betrayed and deserted, was left to fight "the last weird battle in the west". Even at the end, those he trusted most failed him; Bedivere, his sole companion there beside the winter sea, proved unequal to the occasion, and Arthur was left to bear his fate alone.

Death came, but did not bring with it physical disintegration. Arthur's end was like his beginning, not the natural process, but a supernatural intervention; and he was carried by the "three queens with crowns of gold" upon their dusky barge, across the mere to an abode of happiness, "the island valley of Avilion".

Yet his mission was still incomplete. The coming of the kingdom was not abandoned, it was merely deferred. Arthur left the remnant of his followers forlorn and sad, but consoled with the prophecy that some day he should return, to establish finally his kingdom among men; so that "even unto this day" they may look forward to that time when he shall—

". . . come again, and thrice as fair,
And wars shall be no more."

The analogy between this life-career and that of the Nazarene I think no one can fail to perceive. Like Christ, Arthur is reputed to be the ordinary child of earthly parents, but he comes into the world not after the usual fashion: he is endowed with supernatural powers, and he is set apart for a special

mission. As we see the youth Jesus in the temple conversing with the doctors of the law, so we catch one glimpse of the boy Arthur, when he finds the diamonds, realizing for the first time his divine calling, that he must be "about his father's business". As Christ at his baptism is imbued with the Holy Ghost, descending in the form of a dove, so also Arthur is presented with Excalibur and blessed by the three queens. Arthur, like Christ, sets up a kingdom founded upon new principles, preaches a new doctrine, gathers about him a band of followers, and sends them out on errands of mercy. Both are misunderstood even by their chosen band: the disciples urge the Master to establish a temporal kingdom and seek for themselves the places of honor, while the knights of the Round Table undertake the quest of the Holy Grail merely to gain notoriety. Each is betrayed by one of his own followers; each witnesses the breaking up of the band and the apparent failure of the great enterprise; and each faces death bravely and unafraid. As Jesus endures the agony in the garden alone, his disciples unequal to the task of watching with him, so Arthur also at the last suffers alone, Bedivere proving unfaithful. The king does not experience physical death, but, like Christ, undergoes a spiritual translation. And, finally, he promises to return and reign again.

The similarity is so marked that it may well seem deliberate and intentional. Not all the events in the life of Christ are to be paralleled in that of Arthur—that would have been neither practicable nor desirable; but nearly every important event in the career of Arthur seems suggested by some incident or phase of the gospel account. The analogy might be carried still farther, for Arthur's last meeting with Guinevere resembles Christ's interview with the woman taken in adultery.

Tennyson's knowledge of the Bible, as attested by numerous references, is well known. He had a deep reverence for religion, and an abiding faith in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. If indeed, as appears probable, Tennyson derived his conception of the king from the New Testament narrative, I take it that the suggestion came to him from a passage in the twenty-first book of the *Morte Darthur*, where Malory tells us that "more of the

death of King Arthur could I never find", but that "men say that he shall come again". This conclusion seems warranted by the passage, already cited, in his own early version of the story in the volume of 1842. What more likely, then, than that, perceiving this point of similarity between Arthur and Christ, he should have conceived the character and devised the incidents to conform as nearly as might be to the Scriptural account?

It is quite possible, of course, that the poet may have been unaware of this resemblance. The indebtedness of an author to a supposed source is often greatly exaggerated by an ambitious commentator, and may be largely or wholly imaginary. But even if not deliberately so, it would appear that Tennyson must have written with the life of Christ in mind, and that he shaped the figure of Arthur accordingly. Thus may be explained what it is difficult to account for otherwise: the dim unreality, the unrealizable perfection, of the king, and the consequent paleness of the *Idylls* as a whole. In any event, the similarity is so marked as to constitute an interesting literary parallel.

WILLIAM H. VANN.

Baylor College.

BOOK REVIEWS

REYNARD THE FOX, OR THE GHOST HEATH RUN. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1919. Pp. 166.

ENSLAVED, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Pp. 129.

RIGHT ROYAL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Pp. 145.

Mr. John Masefield presents the rather rare instance of an authentic poet whose works have achieved notable vogue within his own lifetime. He is a highly endowed, finely capable, artistically conscientious, and humanely tolerant writer who has kept steadily at his creative work (with the inevitable interruption caused by the Great War, in which he bore a gallant part as a Red Cross worker and official chronicler-interpreter) for some fifteen years, neither courting nor avoiding popular favor. His most important works antedating the three books under review are the dramas, *The Locked Chest* (1906), *The Tragedy of Nan* (1907), *The Death of Pompey The Great* (1909), *The Faithful* (1913), *Philip the King* (1914), and *Good Friday* (1914), of which play, despite its incompleteness, the reviewer witnessed an impressive performance by the London Stage Society in 1917. Of the earlier narrative poems, in which Mr. Masefield has won his most conspicuous success, those most outstanding are *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1911), and *Dauber* (1912). He has, in addition, produced several lyrics and ballads, a sequence of deeply beautiful sonnets, one or two novels of no great merit, and, in his little books on Shakespeare and on Synge, contributions to criticism well worth while. Perhaps, in his remarks on English poetry, he does not quite 'see' Browning and Swinburne. His war poetry—especially *August, 1914*, and *The Choice*—and his prose accounts entitled *Gallipoli* and *The Old Front Line* bear the hall-mark of an earnest, even passionately earnest, sincerity in art and in life alike.

"I do not write for the public," said Stevenson; "God save me from such irreligion!" Increasingly popular as Mr. Masefield's work is becoming, it is evident that he, too, has nowhere sought

merely to entertain. Indeed, all of his writing appears imbued with that old saga-melancholy that peculiarly characterizes the best work of the best poets, dramatists and novelists in the history of the English tradition. Of its three roots—the artist's sensitive reactions to the imperfection, the incompleteness, of human life, of human love, and of the limited means of expression in art, Mr. Masefield seems to be especially preoccupied with the first. It is a note touched often and profoundly in his work: in his finely wrought *Sonnets*, his one-act tragedies, his treatment of the character of Hamlet, his *Dauber* and *The Daffodil Fields*, as now in each of the three works we are considering.

Reynard the Fox is—as to method—a vividly realistic account of an English fox-hunt, in which the poet for the first time transfers his prime interest from a human to an animal hero, as Kipling and Kenneth Grahame and some of the better known Canadian writers in their diverse ways had done before him. It is the original Masefield, however, who creates the bodied character-descriptions and the vigor and impetus of the tale of the all-day hunt itself, as well as the isle-like detachments of comment and reflection in which he implicitly reveals his artistic motives and the ideal character of his thought. For quick descriptive values what could be better than some of the following lines?—

"His oaken face was seamed and gored."

"His loose mouth opened like a gate
To pass the wagons of his speech."

"Lean, puckered, tight-skinned from the sea."

"A rosebud need not have a mind.
A lily is not sweet from learning."

"He hated all beyond his grasp."

"She was a stout one, full of life,
With red, quick, kindly, manly face.
She held the knave, queen, king and ace,
In every hand she played with men.
She was no sister to the hen,
But fierce and minded to be queen.
She wore a coat and skirt of green,
A waistcoat cut of hunting red,
Her tie pin was a fox's head."

Mr. Masfield, indeed, becomes so engrossed with the characters and appearances of his fox-hunters that, despite the companionable Chaucerian truth of his introductions of them, it is a question whether his Part One—a paralleling prologue as matched with the pictures of Harry Bailly, the "worthy knyght" and his son, the Clerk of Oxenford, and the Wife of Bath—is not disproportionately related to the story as a whole. The narrative itself quickly enlists our sympathy for the fox, not as a fox, but as a hunted canny creature whose endurance in the face of heart-breaking difficulties deserves the successful escape provided in the *dénouement*, and a good-night view of the grey beech wood and the—

". . . moonlight fallen in pools of light,"

with a lyrical picture of which this memorably English poem closes.

Of *Enslaved, and Other Poems* it would be difficult to write with too much critical enthusiasm. The title-poem is a new adventure for Masfield: the romantic story of the capture of an English girl by pirate Moors, the determination of her lover to follow and become a galley-slave for her sake, his miserable experiences, his plans for their escape, his success up to a certain point and then the sudden frustration of those plans and the imminence of death, with a turn of the final suspense toward release, happiness and restoration. The story is told for the most part in couplets,—varying iambic pentameters and hexameters—but the six-line *Venus and Adonis* stanza is also effectively employed. The atmospheric beauty, the dramatic intensity, and the ripe stylistic qualities of this poem are alike worthy of high praise.

It is too late, of course, for the creation of true ballads, that is, naïve and spontaneous folk stories of communal origin adapted to oral transmission; yet Coleridge, Rossetti and John Davidson—particularly the first and the third—understood and were able to reproduce the wistful, childlike, haunting flavor of the old ballads. Nor is Mr. Masfield by any means too far behind in the two balladic reminiscences he includes in this volume: *The Hounds of Hell* and *Cap on Head, A Tale of the O'Neill*. In both cases he revivifies with the necessary simplicity old folk tales, and in both cases uses legitimate iambic tetrameter, with alternating rhymes,

save for curious lapses in the 'a' rhymes of the fourth, eighth and thirtieth stanzas of the second poem. The six sonnets in this collection, *The Passing Strange*, *Animula*, and *On Growing Old* attest the deepening hunger for Beauty and the wise, humane, understanding serenity into which Mr. Masfield's spirit has steadily matured.

Some of the commentators on *Reynard the Fox* have argued pro and con touching Mr. Masfield's knowledge of horses. One would have thought that this passage, among several, would suffice to determine the matter:—

"There came again and yet again
The feed-box lid, the swish of grain,
Or Joe's boots stamping in the loft,
The hay-fork stab and then the soft
Hay's scratching slither down the shoot.
Then with a thud some horse's foot
Stamped, and the gulping munch again
Resumed its lippings at the grain."

With this compare the following lines from *Right Royal*:—

"The horse looked up at the note of praise,
He fixed his eye upon Harding's eye,
Then he put all thought of Harding by,
Then his ears went back and he clipped all clean
The manger's well where his oats had been."

Right Royal is the story of a steeplechase, of a noble horse's great day. It is not only a graphic, marrowy narrative, but a sane contribution to the prevailing and often less than sane contemporary expressions of mysticism. The metrical transition from the account of the lovers, whose hopes are centred upon Right Royal, to the bright picture of the meet (more tersely and nervously described than in *Reynard the Fox*), and the race itself, and the frequent use of monorhymes at the outset of Part Two, where the race is gathering momentum and is generating high excitement, are skilfully managed, and the dramatic turning-points swiftly appear and reappear. In this instance, there are two heroes, a man and an animal, Charles Cothill and Right Royal, whom he owns and rides,—rides for love and for home against a stake of utter loss. The relations between horse and rider are

very subtly suggested, and the poet's dramatic temper is given full opportunity in the treatment of both objective and subjective conflicts that engage simultaneously the reader's concern.

If there is much that is Chaucerian in Mr. Masefield's work, in point of animation, tolerance, clear-focussed description, there is also something of Langland and of Bunyan, in his seriousness, his moral earnestness (he is never moralistic), and his mystical values. We may quote from *Right Royal* three illustrative passages:—

“Man who lives under sentence sealed,
Tragical man, who has but breath
For few brief years as he goes to death,
Tragical man by strange winds blown
To live in crowds ere he die alone,
Came in his jovial thousands massing,
To see Life moving and Beauty passing.”

“So be it, Fate orders, and we go to the wall.

“Go down to the beaten, who have come to the truth
That is deeper than sorrow and stronger than youth,
That is God, the foundation, who sees and is just
To the beauty within us who are nothing but dust.

“Yet Royal, my comrade, before Fate decides,
His hand stays, uncertain, like the sea between tides,
Then a man has a moment, if he strike not too late,
When his soul shakes the world-soul, and can even change Fate.”

“There the Roman pitcht camp, there the Saxon kept sheep,
There he lives out this Living that no man can keep,
That is manful but a moment before it must pass,
Like the stars sweeping westward, like the wind on the grass.”

Mr. Masefield's ample powers are maturing well. He thinks honestly and feels very sensitively. In character analysis, phrasal sympathy, emotional moment-making, dramatic vigor, patient reflection, and the humor and pity and tenderness that are next of kin one to another, he is building (perhaps at times a little too rapidly) poetry that bids fair to conquer our individual impermanence.

G. H. C.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Ginn and Company. 1920. Pp. ix, 588.

This is something more, and, we might add, something other than a text-book on Political Economy, although its title fails to indicate its wider scope. It does deal with all the well-known principles of that science: Productive Forces, Productive Industries, Exchange and Distribution, Supply and Demand, Money, Rent, Interest, Profit and the rest, although they are described and their conclusions established with so little formal technicality that the book will prove most interesting to the general reader and more like a story of real life than a tabulated statement of dry propositions. It is at once intensely human, real and practical. Nor is this all. The treatment of the subjects above mentioned is preceded by a general introduction on Wealth and Well-Being, Economy, Self-Interest, Government, Morals and Religion (so the chapter is headed, but there is nothing about religion in it), and the Geographical Situation.

The book concludes with a very able discussion of the Consumption of Wealth, Public Finance, and Communism, Socialism, and other methods of Reform.

The author's treatment of the importance and value of man, the variety of his contribution to production, and the qualities necessary to make man valuable to the community and to the nation, as well as to himself, for purposes of production, is instructive and suggestive. Perhaps the most original topic in a book on Political Economy, and, from the viewpoint of our late war experiences, the most important chapter, even in Political Economy, is that on Morals and Religion, discussing the fund of human energy, the importance of its conservation, and the forms and causes of its wastage. The description of the men who go to waste is startling. First, the idle, including the unemployed and the leisure class; secondly, the ineffectually employed, through lack of training and opportunity; thirdly, the harmfully employed, in vice, crime, fraud, luxury, and false teaching. The inability of law and force to correct many of these conditions leads to the search for some other remedy.

The question is raised: Are moral habits the result of economic and social conditions, or are these conditions the result of

moral habits? It is an interesting and practical question on which not only teachers, but also philanthropists, are divided, and which our author wisely answers by declaring that the truth seems to be found in a combination of both theories. In this connection he pauses to note that there are two types of men: human jelly-fish and human sharks.

What is the real value of a leisure class? Should men be allowed to accumulate wealth? Do idle consumers make a real market for producers? When is talent going to waste? Such interesting questions are here discussed in an original manner, showing their real relation to economic problems.

As we have noted, nothing is said about religion, yet religion furnishes the only adequate basis for a system of morals which is anything more than expediency, and for the enforcement of that system by anything stronger than self-interest.

The book is evidence, however, of the wider, deeper, and, we may say, more humane and less materialistic view which is beginning to obtain in the science of Political Economy.

There is bound to come either a change or a revolution in economic and industrial relations; when the selfish, individualistic and mechanical theories of the last century (which are still far too active and influential) shall give place to the more altruistic, social, coöperative and scientific principles of the twentieth century. There are great industrial changes already in progress and men are seeking the basic and universal principles on which rests not only political economy but all industrial and social science.

There are three fundamental and well-known principles, not technically theological, nor exclusively religious, but established in human progress and recognized in human history: First, service, at whatever cost, is the ultimate and supreme test of individual worth and of all true greatness. Second, it is impossible to realize one's own personality in isolation, self-seeking and self-assertion, but only in and through the largest and most efficient social relationships. Third, the sole aim of human life is the ultimate triumph of the real and essential principles of human character.

Political Economy, or any other science, must square itself

with these principles, or it will fail to justify itself to the modern mind. A recent writer has said:—

“It is the human element that counts for most, and it is this element which is left out of schedules, resolutions, and legislation. But when one speaks of the human element it resolves itself into a question of character. Character is the ultimate result and the supreme goal of human effort and experience.”

The Political Economy of the twentieth century, then, must take account of character as well as of other, and merely secondary, forms of wealth, and must reckon the *cost*, not the price, of producing a man, along with the cost of the material out of which the product is made.

CHARLES L. WELLS.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ROME TO THE END OF THE REPUBLIC. By Tenney Frank, Professor of Latin in the Johns Hopkins University. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1920. Pp. 303.

For an economic history of Rome there is an appreciable want of readily interpretable data. Professor Frank, however, has attacked the problem with much learning, well organized, and in a kind of panorama has given practically everything worth saying that can be said upon the subject. His treatment, moreover, has one merit lacking to so many ‘scholarly discussions’: it is written in readable English with no glaring faults of style. At the same time style is not over-emphasized.

Chapter I, “Agriculture in Early Latium”, lays the necessary foundation for the treatment of economic progress in Italy. Agriculture was, before all, the main industry, and the superior cultivation of the fertile western littoral, especially the Latin plain, made for a dense population. Traces remain of expensive masonry intended to keep patches of cultivable land from washing that seem to have been small in comparison with the outlay of stone and labor. Latium in the sixth century, then, was cultivated with an intensity rarely equalled anywhere, so that it must have supported a very large population.

“With these facts in view the historian can understand whence came the armies that overran the limits of Latium

and overwhelmed all obstructions when once they were set in motion, why Veii fell, why the burning of Rome was so quickly repaired, and why Campania called all the way to Rome for aid when threatened by the Samnites. It is very probable that when the soil began to show signs of exhaustion under this severe strain and an incapacity to feed the population which is proved by the desperate methods mentioned above (pp. 6-8), the growing generations found it necessary to seek more room and that the expansion of the Latin tribes dates from this condition." (p. 9).

In Chapter II, "Early Trade of Latium and Etruria", is shown how in economic development Latium lagged behind its neighbors, Greeks of Sicily and Magna Graecia and Massilia, Carthaginians and Etruscans, and how Carthage, forging ahead commercially, outlined a definite policy which closed the western Mediterranean to the shipping of rival states, thus deflecting much Greek trade to the Adriatic, and expressed itself in a rather one-sided treaty with Rome, not yet a first-class power. Thus excluded from the sea,—to which, indeed, they had little natural inclination,—the Latin peoples turned landward after the expulsion of their kings, and in the fifth century their country was less frequently visited by foreign traders. The war of the classes went on, however, and in Chapter III, "On the Rise of the Peasantry", the struggle inside the state is studied. The caste system of Roman society was largely based upon economic distinctions. But the soil was becoming exhausted and the peasants felt the need of material relief from their increasing want, while at the same time they had become conscious of their political power during the adjustments between Rome and her neighbors in the Latin League. With the institution of the tribunate to protect them from oppression and injustice, and finally their entrance into the consulship, the plebeians obtained the economic relief demanded, at least in part, and their claims to political and civil equality were legally recognized (p. 45). Then they compelled the legislative assembly, which voted by classes based upon property, to recognize as of equal standing the tribal assembly, voting by wards, and thus created a kind of state within a state, which, by absorbing the patrician

element, became the very state itself, so that the tribunes in time would call the people together to decide public policies. Rome need only have remained a state of small size, with no problems but such as the populace would have ventured to settle without senatorial advice, to have provided, like the Greek city-states, an example of pure democracy (p. 45). Rome had learned her immediate lessons; the senate valued its citizens for military and political ends and understood full well the value of a homogeneous citizen army. It was apparent that only men who owned property in land, men to whom the state actually meant "*res publica*", could make the strength of such an army. Politically, too, the state required a considerable body of self-supporting citizens satisfied with the existing order. Consequently, the system of landholding was that based upon the working proprietor, and this system was consistently fostered by the state.

"That Rome bore so well the shock of the Gallic invasion, that she passed without bloodshed through the broils of the class-struggles, survived the revolt of the Latins, and had the prudence to devise the liberal and flexible constitution which enabled her to unite Italy in an effective federation,—all this seems in no small measure due to the habit of providing from the proletariat by land-distribution a solid and interested citizen-body." (p. 48).

Chapter IV, "New Lands for Old", sketches briefly the change from the fifth to the second century. The land policy of the state continues in operation, but economic changes occur, over which the statesmen of the Republic fail to gain control: the crowding of Italy, the drain upon the soil and the diminishing returns from agriculture, changes in the character of the citizen-body, an increasing proletariat. Finally, the annexation of Sicily with its tithes of wheat is shown to have occurred at a time when "Latium had already become a failure as a grainland, the landlords had already turned to other industries, and the Sicilian grain filled a need already keenly felt" (p. 57). This change in the land, however, was gradual, and Roman statesmen adjusted the body politic of their city-state to its increasing needs with prudent forethought; conquests in Italy were open-

ing up new lands and settlers were being constantly sent out to the choicest of these lands and to the most strategic sites for the domination of the new territories. This constant availability of new lands which the state offered to its citizens tended to check all incentive to new enterprise, and to keep men from developing industries other than agriculture or from engaging in commerce on land or sea. Art and industry advanced but little. Contact with the outer world was weakened. But Rome advanced by force of arms.

War calls for finance, and Chapter V, "Roman Coinage", relates the second economic achievement of the Republican statesmen. Just as they had moved many of the citizens to the new lands to relieve the economic pressure induced by the loss of fertility of the old, so, in order to pay the citizen armies of the state, it was necessary to keep coins of two metals—gold and copper—at something approximating their intrinsic values at a time when market prices were violently fluctuating. For three centuries they appear to have coped with this problem in bimetallism honestly and with fair success, adapting their currency to the needs of an empire in a period of tremendous expansion, and keeping it respected in the commerce of other peoples.

The next three chapters—VI, "The Establishment of the Plantation"; VII, "Industry and Commerce"; and VIII, "The Gracchan Revolution"—carry forward the adventures of the Roman People in economic experiment, political organization, and social reorganization or disorganization: for in Sicily Rome found that the Oriental theory of sovereignty and the increasing importation of slaves introduced into the population of Italy a taint of Oriental blood destined to spread throughout all the lower and middle strata of society. An exhausting struggle with Carthage and a still more unfortunate civil war in Italy afforded opportunity to the plantation system for expansion, and with the consequent encouragement of slave-holding came the rise of industry and commerce. The expansion of large estates drove the small farmer to the wall, slave labor made the city proletariat idle, grain from Sicily and free distributions kept them dependent upon the state, the huge fortunes made in trade and industry could be used to corrupt the government, the provinces were

pillaged;—political and social reforms were sadly needed, but it was too late. The social and civil contests of this period resulted in—

“the elevation of the capitalist mercantile class to a position of power in the state and in its financial enterprises, the closing of Italian lands to colonization, which directed capital into other channels, and the acceptance of the policy of state-charity for the poor of Rome, which placed industry in the city at a discount for all time.” (p. 130).

Chapter IX, “Public Finances”, reviews Roman finances from the early Republic to Augustus. The expansion of the empire gave the ruling classes vast lands to exploit, and the importation of slaves rendered them independent of free labor; many Romans emigrated to the provinces, where great fortunes were made, but at Rome the condition of society grew more and more deplorable. To the upper classes the provinces appeared as legitimate fields for exploitation.

Chapter X, “The Plebs Urbana”, analyzes some of the social changes taking place in the lower strata of Rome. This chapter is of exceptional interest. The native stock, it is shown, had been largely wiped out by foreign and civil wars; that it continued to dwindle is clear from all the evidence. What took its place? Free immigrants were few. Slaves and freedmen were not called on for military service, and these increased. Slaves were imported in great numbers. On the slave market at Delos ten thousand were frequently sold daily. Such was the servile population that multiplied to merge into the civil population of Rome. It is significant that these slaves came mostly from the East; slaves from the West and North—Gaul and Germany—hardly thrived at household tasks; such captive warriors often escaped, and of these were the armies of Spartacus and other leaders of servile rebellions. It remained for the baser blood of the Levant to thrive in slavery and to supplant by the amalgamation of the races the sturdy stock that had laid the foundations for the greatness of Rome (p. 164).

The tenth chapter is really preliminary, for the purposes of the economic history, to the succeeding chapters,—XI and XII,

"Industry at the End of the Republic"; XIII, "Capital"; XIV, "Commerce"; XV, "The Laborer"; and XVI, "The Exhaustion of the Soil". Industry at Rome failed to advance as might otherwise have been expected. What was the obstacle? Cheap labor, slave labor, general disrespect for industry among reputable citizens;—the capital and labor that might have flowed into industrial development were turned aside. The economic system was becoming non-productive. Was there any cure? No cure, but a narcotic—*Panem et circenses*—a formula fated to be familiar to the Emperors. The last chapter in the evolution of Roman agriculture shows the substitution of the imperial serf for the sturdy yeoman of Republican days. J. B. E.

WHAT'S ON THE WORKER'S MIND? By Whiting Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. vi, 329.

The reasoning that leads men like Osborne to undergo the actual experience of the prisoner's life, and men like Wyckoff and Williams to detach themselves completely for a time from their social and intellectual groups in order to see and hear and know the worker in terms of his continuous everyday life, is sound reasoning. Theories, discussions, treatises touching our industrial problems are unvital to precisely the extent that they fail to take into account the natural desires and ambitions of the manual worker, and the congeniality or uncongeniality of his environment in relation to those desires.

Mr. Williams has had a good deal of experience as a practical student of social and industrial conditions. He has served as assistant to the president of Oberlin College, and as executive secretary of the Cleveland Welfare Federation. Leaving his immediate work as director of personnel in the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company, of Cleveland, he changed his clothes and his name, and, after several unsuccessful efforts to 'land a job', became a common laborer. He worked in steel mills, railroad yards, iron and coal mines, ship yards, and an oil refinery, living his part day and night, and keeping a daily (or, rather, nightly) journal on which the first ten chapters of the present book are

directly based. They are, although not too well written, surprisingly interesting chapters, frank, tolerant and revelatory.

The remaining four chapters, in which the author sets down his findings and recommendations, emphasize the common humanity of humanity, and assure us that the thirty million manual workers of America are by no means 'different' from the rest of us in their normal hopes, fears and satisfactions. They are far from being determinedly hostile to the social system as such, but they are, properly enough, concerned about certain fundamental rights and opportunities. These include: the right to happiness (an indispensable condition to effectiveness), and therefore to the avoidance of the fatigue and bad-temper induced by unreasonably 'long turns',—more than eight hours, or ten hours at the most; the right to necessary knowledge, included in which is a fair acquaintance with the employer's purposes, ideals and character; and the right to growth, to the certainty that good work means recognition and advancement (if the hunger for distinction is not satisfied in reputable ways—the preference of every normal man—it is likely to seek and find disreputable satisfactions), to the joy of 'getting somewhere', of measuring "the distance travelled rather than the point arrived at".

"Better jobs and steadier jobs, less tiring jobs, jobs whose human service is better understood, jobs with a better chance to enjoy the satisfactions of their doing without these being lessened by a grasping foreman representing an unknown employer; this is what the worker wants more than he wants to sit in the chair of the manager or clip the coupons of the owner."—(p. 317).

Mr. Williams concludes that—

"there is no need to try a new system of society. I find myself less a socialist than ever; the whole thing seems too vast and yet too delicate to put into the hands of a committee. What we need to do—and at once—is to apply more insight to the working of the system already in existence this long while. Any system will tie itself together only with the strength and certainty of the cord with which it can tie men's givings to their gettings, their wantings to

their havings, their presents to their futures. . . . It is the great public of all of us that determines what is the strength of the cord that ties the 'to-be' to the 'is' and makes the right reward follow upon right performance." (pp. 324-5).

G. H. C.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DUTCH BOY FIFTY YEARS AFTER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. xxiii, 461.

Edward Bok has had an exceptional career. He has been the friend of poets, of preachers, and of presidents. Although himself not conspicuously great or good, he has appreciated rather sensitively the great and the good of his own generation. He has known men, has multiplied words, but, most of all, has been a doer of deeds.

Consider a list of his interests and achievements: newspaper syndicates; wider publicity for popular preachers; "Literary Leaves"; popularising books; developing the art of advertising literary wares; making a magazine a world-force for 'hominess'; "Side Talks with Girls"; free scholarship premiums; promoting mother-and-baby information publicity; interesting women in public questions; exploiting the brains of great men and women for the benefit of the public; protecting the rights of foreign writers and musicians; pushing Bible-study along; stimulating taste for good architecture, house furnishing, pictures, gardens, and making it possible for poor folk to get them; successfully fighting disfiguring advertisements, patent medicines, tawdriness in decoration of Pullman cars, 'dirty spots' in cities, twaddle in women's clubs, and the cruel spoliation of birds; exploiting the 'model city' idea; endowing fine music and disseminating good popular songs and instrumental pieces; "giving help in the second line of defence" at home during the Great War; doing a brave and tender 'bit' at the war-front; writing a remarkably fascinating and educative autobiography that, among other things, prescribes for American carelessness and conceit and preaches the salutary doctrine of 'quit in time'.

But all this is by the way in comparison with Edward Bok's chief achievement—being himself a man of morale, and incit-

ing others to the same sort of manliness. Edward Bok the 'sissy' editor?

Taking 'morale' to be an active spiritual-moral attitude, usable in peace as well as in war, we should say that it includes the qualifications of the Citizen, the Sportsman, the Gentleman, and the Practical Idealist. And we should regard Bok as a prime specimen of this larger, more permanent morale, and the story of his life as a *vade mecum* of the art of making good, and at the same time staying greatly decent.

First, his gentlemanliness, shown in his steady workmanship, his honesty, his ready representativeness. It is the real worker who gives the public what it *needs*, after finding out what it thinks it *wants*, and who is a bright light of professional *esprit de corps* and a valiant defender of professional ethics.

Next, his sportsmanship: efficiency, loyalty, fair-play. Here is his greatest strength, and largely the secret of his popularity with sportsmanlike people, whether men or women. Especially strong is he in *efficiency* as a spiritual quality rather than a mere machine business-virtue. His ability as an advertiser shows the full ingredients of economy, thoroughness and publicity that combine to make up working efficiency. Note especially his chapter: "Where America Fell Short With Me". Whether in abjuring lecturing because people came to see him out of curiosity, or in his defence of the Y. M. C. A., or in his frank avowal that he had had continual good fortune and sometimes made serious mistakes,—in these things and many more we see a man loyal to the truth of things and the truth of himself and his fellow-men and their God. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Rudyard Kipling, and other foreigners, as well as leading Americans, found that Bok would always respect confidence and be fair to enemies as well as to friends.

As for his Idealism, or, rather, Ideality, we may cite his faith in womankind, in spite of its seamy side; his hope for the League of Nations, in spite of the much badgering of one hundred per cent. Americans; his care for the "love in all things", as evinced by his habit of carrying Emerson's *Essays* in his pocket. These are signs of the idealist who is concerned for the things of the spirit and yet is a practical man.

Mr. Bok is not yet laid on the shelf to dry. There are problems still to spare for his creative study. Let him take notice that his adopted country still needs his services, for he knows how to be 'boy eternal', and we cannot let him plead a time-limit.

T. P. BAILEY.

LONDON DAYS. By Arthur Warren. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1920. Pp. 287.

In the first four of the seventeen chapters which compose this book, Mr. Warren, a Bostonian, traces the steps which led to his connection with the *Boston Herald* as its London correspondent, a position he held for nine years. During those years he came to know England well and made the acquaintance—in some instances, indeed, gained the friendship—of such men and women as Browning, Patti, John Stuart Blackie, Lord Kelvin, Tennyson, Gladstone, Whistler, Henry Drummond, Sir Henry Irving, H. M. Stanley, George Meredith, John Burns, and Charles Stewart Parnell. He writes of each of these in a lively, entertaining fashion, sometimes—as in the case of the political figures—with a sort of sympathetic hostility and adroit critical implication. His style, if journalistic, is chattily effective for its purposes. The more human portraits are those of Blackie, Patti, Whistler, Meredith and Burns, with the last two of whom he once spent a memorable day and much of the succeeding night at Flint Cottage, Box Hill, Meredith's home in Surrey. Concerning Meredith he writes thus engagingly:—

"They say he was 'gey ill to live wi'.' Perhaps he was; perhaps he was not. But why should n't he have been? Most writers are. And why should n't they be? They are of a sensitive sort, in greater degree, or less. Their business is mainly to observe, to consider, to speak with ink. These things require concentration of mind. And while the world is running in and out, and kindly intentioned persons are making suggestions which have no relation to the business in hand, or wondering why their wish cannot have precedence, or why their opinion is not the most important thing in the universe, the poet's work, or train of thought, has to get on, or the novelist's, or the reader of manuscripts'. It

may be true that no creative gentleman has a right to moods, but at least he has a right to tenses. No such plea is put forth for the rest of mankind. Probably the fact is that the person criticising considers his own mood the more important of the two. Artistic sensibilities are as difficult for their possessors to endure all the time as they can possibly be for anyone else to encounter a part of the time. But who ever thinks of that?"

IRISH FAIRY TALES. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Pp. 318.

These ten ancient folk tales, as told by Mr. Stephens, are wistfully beautiful in tone and atmosphere, with a delicate vein of arch comic relief running irregularly through them. The author's relation to Irish literature since 1906 is well known, among his best books being *The Demi-Gods*, *Reincarnations*, *Here Are Ladies*, *The Crock of Gold*, and *Mary, Mary*. "What he writes," says Padraic Colum, "has a sense of spiritual equality as amongst all men and women—a sense of a democracy that is inherent in the world." And A. E. discerningly observes: "James Stephens has enough poetry in him to be a great prose writer." Those who have read closely Mr. O'Connor's essay, *The Early Irish Fairies and Fairyland*, published in the REVIEW for October, 1920, will realize something of the quality of the feast prepared for them in Mr. Stephens's book. The illustrations, it is sufficient to say, are furnished by Arthur Rackham.

THE SURPRISES OF LIFE. By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Grace Hall. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1920. Pp. 326.

If Georges Clemenceau has been more or less radical politically for fifty years, he has been intellectually radical ever since he began to think and to write. Yet his radicalism is so kind, his irony so urbane, his realism at once so courageous in spirit and so just that his literary work has come to suggest kinship with Balzac's in point of detachment for proportion's sake.

The Surprises of Life contains some twenty-five stories and sketches touching, for the most part, the lives of small farmers in the French provinces, more rarely city scenes. *A Domestic*

Drama, Flower o' the Wheat, Mokoubamba's Fetish, A Mad Thinker, The Adventure of my Curé, and A Well-Assorted Couple impress the reviewer as peculiarly good work, but none of these little stories is without its sagacity of opinion and its Gallic indisposition either to mince or to waste its words.

OLD AND NEW. SUNDRY PAPERS. By Charles Hall Grandgent. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1920. Pp. 177.

A book notice is intended either to quench a book, or to extend its influence: hence it seems to the writer that the shortest and best way in which to notice this book is to advise everybody to read it,—at least, all scholars and all scholarly teachers, these for their protection. As a means of self-reclamation, all pedagogues should read it, all parents and guardians, all 'Spiritual Pastors and Masters', all 'Educational Experts', all musicians, all composers, all painters, all writers, all school-boards, all educational associations, all Reformers of Everything. It should be recommended to all Revolutionists and Rebels from Satan down, concerning whom our author writes:—

"With sundry ups and downs, the fortune of the Miltonic Satan has prospered, until in our generation he has become a favorite society figure. The drawing-room anarchist, the literary rebel, the artistic iconoclast lay down the law for all of us. Among the conventions of the day, the most conspicuous is the convention of revolt."

Professor Grandgent finds Bolshevism everywhere, and becoming a real menace when it invades the fields of politics and of education. He believes that—

"Pedagogical revolution has never been—to express myself in pedagogical terminology—adequately apperceived nor properly correlated with Imagism, Vorticism and Nihilism. Yet only a moment's reflection is needed to show that they all are manifestations of the same Satanistic movement."

The book is made up of eight essays, all of them both admirable and charming. "*Nor Yet the New*", *Modern Language Teaching*, and *The Dark Ages*, seem, in the light of to-day's crudeness, to be almost necessary to salvation. The author's

one genuflection to things modern is made to simplified spelling, which to the present writer seems as Satanistic as any of the changes so righteously decried. In speaking of the dialects of America he includes, strange to say, New York, New England and Boston, as well as the long-suffering West and South. If one has not the time to read the whole book, let him consider at least the first essay, "*Nor Yet the New*". S. B. E.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH VERSE FROM THE YALE REVIEW. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1920. Pp. 52.

"This little collection," writes John Gould Fletcher in the Foreword, "is not an ordinary group of poems; it is a link between two nations, an emblem of growth, a proof that poetry is still being written in the English tongue." Nineteen poems are included, from sixteen authors, among whom are John Drinkwater, Robert Frost, Winifred M. Letts, John Maschfield, Robert Nichols, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Siegfried Sassoon, Sara Teasdale, and Edith Wharton.

FLAME AND SHADOW. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Pp. 144.

Sara Teasdale (Filsinger) is a poet both by instinct and by habit of thought and life. Her work is distinguished by its lingering lyric beauty simply created through the simple but exquisitely refined patternings of phrases and forms. It has the atmosphere of an unostentatious home whose happiness is based upon a loyal sincerity to the ideals of true culture, of educated sympathy. In little stoic sessions she grapples the obstinate problems of life and death, and wonders whether Beauty, the all-healing, may not alone bring peace.

The collection numbers twelve parts. The first is a group of prologue-poems, lyrically anticipating in mood and aspect the motives and qualities of the parts that follow. *Meadowlarks* in this group is especially noteworthy. The next two parts are called "Memories", and include such exceptional poems as *Places*, *Only in Sleep* and *Grey Eyes*. Two parts are devoted to

hospital backgrounds, closing with the haunting poem that follows:—

"Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
 Forgotten as a fire that was once singing gold,
 Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,
 Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

"If any one asks, say it was forgotten
 Long and long ago,
 As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
 In a long forgotten snow."

Parts Six, Seven and Eight very quietly touch death, "The Dark Cup", in poems like *The Garden*, *White Fog*, *Moonlight*, *Grey Fog*, *Lovely Chance*, and *There Will Come Soft Rains*. The next three parts interpret some of the changes of and inspirations coming from the sea, in *June Night* and kindred poems. "Songs for Myself" is the final group-title, from which we quote *At Midnight*:—

"Now at last I have come to see what life is,
 Nothing is ever ended, everything only begun,
 And the brave victories that seem so splendid
 Are never really won.

"Even love that I built my spirit's house for,
 Comes like a brooding and a baffled guest,
 And music and men's praise and even laughter
 Are not so good as rest."

G. H. C.

LIFE IMMOVABLE. By Kostas Palamas. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. With Introduction and Notes by the Translator. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1919. Pp. 237.

The temptation of the translator is to praise beyond its actual deserts the work which he has translated. The introduction to this work, although a very pleasing record of the translator's acquaintance and friendship with the poet, is hardly convincing as an argument for the discovery of a great world poet. As for the translations, the form of the book, the good print and fine paper give them every advantage; yet the spirit of poetry seems to be lacking, except for occasional bits of felicitous phrasing. Figures and images that are outworn from long use lose their poetic

glamor. Let us illustrate. We open the translations at random, and find the following on page 163:—

SUNRISE

"The white swans gently drag their boats
Of ivory; bright beams
Glimmer as through a veil of agate:
And coral-wrought, the crowns
Shine on fair locks like amber gleaming.
A pearl lake dreamlike lives
With water lilies studded.
Azure-browed Fairies revelling
Quaff wine of honey gold:
And mighty riders steal away
With brides thrice-beautiful.
But thou, an archer mightier
Risest unmasking all
The multitude of binding charms
With the one charm of light,
O God of wing-spced chariot!"

A swan gently dragging its boat of ivory! From this let us turn to the words of Palamas himself. This line stands in the original (*Ἡ Ἀσαλεύτη Ζωή*, p. 49) as follows:—

"Κύνκοι ἀργοτραβᾶν ἐλεφαντόβαρκες,"

which might be rendered as literally as possible:—

"Slowly the swans float, ivory argosies,"

and we should then have something nearer the swans that—

"On still St. Mary's lake,
Float double, swan and shadow."

The imagery is poetic. It is only when 'dragged' into English that the poetic light becomes too diffused—even to glimmer through a veil of agate. The next line in the original runs—

"Καὶ εἰν' ἀχατοστάλαχτες οἱ ἀχτίδες,"

which, being literally interpreted, means something like—

"And the rays of the sun are stalactites of agate."

A *veil* of agate is not at all the same thing. Dipping into Palamas's enchanted lake of pearl at another point, we come upon these lines from *The Satyr, or the Naked Song*:—

"All about us naked!
 All is naked here!
 Mountains, fields, and heavens wide!
 The day reigns uncontrolled;
 The world, transparent; and pellucid
 The thrice-deep palaces.
 Eyes, fill yourselves with light!
 And ye, O Lyres, with rhythm!"

Such, too, it appears, is the creed of Palamas the poet.

There are, however, better phrasings in some of the translations, where Palamas's work appears to greater advantage. In *Thoughts of Early Dawn* we find (p. 195) these lines:—

"Whatever be thy substance, O bright gleam,
 Iron or stone, silver or wind, air-cloud
 Or dream, my longing is the same for thee!
 Within me thought and hands and art and science
 Struggle to build together the same temple."

The last line does not strongly vibrate, but seems unfortunate in its jerky arhythmic movement. There are places, however, where the translation is still better. *What the Lagoon Says* (p. 142) opens with these lines:—

"I have the sweetness of the lake and have
 The bitterness of the great sea. But now,
 Alas, my sweetness is a little drop:
 My bitterness, a flood. For the cold winter,
 The great corsair, has come with the north wind,
 Death's king. My azure blood has slowly flowed
 Out of my veins and gone to bring new life
 To the deep seas. A shroud weed-woven wraps me."

Love of nature there is in this poetry and a certain sensitiveness to her poetic aspects, but the interior world does not fare so well, and although greatness of thought and imagination may have been in the poet's dream and desire when he sought to put them into writing, still, whether we read his work in Greek or in the translations, the impression is disappointing.

This disappointment would be less acute if the translator's claims for his poet had been less extravagant. For the author of *Life Immovable* is certainly not more than a minor poet. That he has flashes of poetic quality even this random sampling of of his wares will reveal.

J. B. E.

AWAKENING. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. 63.

The structural skill—although here shown *in petto*—of *A Man of Property* or *Fraternity* and the delicate, benignant irony of *Ultima Thule* are united in this beautiful study of a little boy's inner and outer life, and of his finding of himself in point of emotional and æsthetic beginnings. The hero, Jolyon Forsyte ('Jon' for short), who belongs to a family well known to Mr. Galsworthy's readers, is a fine-grained, lovable child bred in the English way, whose feelings, hopes and adventures are here revealed in a fashion even more subtly, yet warrantably, intimate than is true of Kipling's *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*, or of Hugh Walpole's *Jeremy*.

The illustrations by R. H. Sauter are made with companionable sympathy.

IN MOROCCO. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. 290.

"Within a few years," writes Mrs. Wharton, "far more will be known of the past of Morocco, but that past will be far less visible to the traveller than it is to-day." Mrs. Wharton was fortunate, therefore, in the moment of her visit, if somewhat unfortunate in the circumstances that restricted her time and opportunities. She was accomplishing much valuable war work in France, and was willing to interrupt that work for not more than a month in order to accept in 1917 the invitation of Governor-General Lyautey to visit Morocco. At that time, of course, Morocco lay, mysterious, at the threshold of European domination, a domination deferred, on its most practical sides at least, by the stress of political conditions. The opening of the door is now going on more actively, so that, as the author says above, much of the old mystery and glamor will soon cease to be.

The high-bred quality of Mrs. Wharton's writing—whether in English or French—is perhaps even more appreciable in her non-fictional work than in her admirable novels. The present book was first written in French, appearing originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It not only covers the ground of the author's visit with fine intelligence and understanding, but pro-

vides a useful sketch of Moroccan history, a note on Moroccan architecture, and an able review of General Lyautey's administrative work. The pictures of the Sultan Moulay Youssef and the Empress Mother are deftly and kindly drawn.

The book is provided with a map of Mrs. Wharton's route and with several photographic illustrations. G. H. C.

TRACES OF MATRIARCHY IN GERMANIC HERO-LORE. By Albert William Aron. Madison: University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature, No. 9. 1920. Pp. 77.

The existence in the past of an extraordinarily close bond between uncle and sister's son—a relationship difficult for the modern mind to grasp—will hardly be denied to-day by any scholar. As opinions concerning its exact nature and prevalence, however, differ widely, Dr. Aron, by investigating more than 125,000 verses and approximately 1,750 pages of prose in the legends of Siegfried, The Nibelungs, Dietrich, Hildebrand, Wittich, Gudrun (Hilde), Walther, Beowulf, Ortnit and Wolf-dietrich, and Orendel, for traces of matriarchy, has rendered a service to those students, followers of German methods, who are content to spend much time on such matters of language and literature. L. W. F.

THE WORLD BEYOND. Passages from Oriental and Primitive Religions. Compiled and arranged by John Hartley Moore. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1920. Pp. 143.

The author's Foreword thus expresses his purpose:—

"Science only serves to widen the horizon of religious wonder, and in viewing the records which are preserved of man's religious thought, present even in the most primitive tribes, we find traces of mystic awareness of the spirit of God always near at hand. Thus the sayings of the greatest of the mystics, Jesus of Nazareth, take on an added significance when they are found to accord with the aspirations of many who lived before His time and many who followed Him. In such unity of purpose in reaching out toward the Unseen is the best proof of the brotherhood of man."

The little book has three divisions: The World Beyond; The Higher Knowledge; and Life. T. P. B.